

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 3, 1987 40 CENTS

HOW ALCINDOR PARALYZED THE NCAA



For fast relief

of headaches, loss of appetite and sleep caused by excessive heat and humidity...for allergies to dust, dirt and pollen...



...take a Chrysler Airtemp whole house air-conditioning system. Get that wonderful "Airtemp Feeling" throughout your home. See your Airtemp dealer now. Chrysler Airtemp has air-conditioning equipment to fit any brand of warm air heating system.

Airtemp



"Sure they save money, but I wouldn't take a long trip in one."

Most people won't really go anywhere in small foreign cars if they can help it.

They're supposed to be easy on the wallet, but not too easy on anything else.

They have hard seats, noisy engines, and slightly punishing suspension. After a couple of hours from home, you start wishing you hadn't left.

Well, we're not going to tell you the Renault 10 rides like a scenic cruiser. It doesn't.

Only it isn't the little torture chamber you think all foreign cars are, either.

The seats in the Renault 10, for instance, are so comfortable one critic said they hold their own in such august company as the Bentley Continental and the Rolls. Think about that.

And since you'd even get tired of your favorite armchair on a long trip, the front seats are made so you can tilt them forward and back. (Including all the way back if you want to pull over and snooze awhile.)

There are a few other things

about the Renault 10 that help make long trips feel shorter.

A healthy luggage compartment under the front hood that won't force you to live out of an overnight bag.

A sealed liquid cooling system that will not boil or freeze or roar at you.

Disc brakes and independent suspension on all four wheels.

A little furnace of a heater.

A rear-mounted, five-main-

bearing engine that eats up the miles (over 80 mph), but won't eat up the gas (an honest 35 mpg).

And finally, adjustable vents on the dash which direct a breeze on your face without giving you windburn. (Don't laugh. The bigger the trip the more the little things count.)

The price for these comforts, all of them standard equipment, is a measly \$1647*.

Which is quite a comfort in itself.

RENAULT



The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. Whitewalls and AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION optional. For nearest dealer or information on overseas delivery, write Renault, Inc., Box 6, 750 Third Ave., NYC 10017

We built the Hermes 3000 to be the first homeoffice typewriter.

Can you think of anything we've forgotten?



You can pick up exactly where you left off at work. Even little finger letters come out clear, dark and definite. And you can choose a type style that matches your machine in the office.

No other typewriter, not even the one at work, has these flying Margins®. They're right in front of you, flagging you down before you break a word wrong.

The 3000's full of nice surprises. Like this paper table for erasing or writing notes with the paper in the machine.

For a little more money, you can order a Hermes 3000 13" carriage model, instead of this Hermes 3000 10" carriage model. Both have push-button carriage releases for smooth operation.

Besides being as fast as your machine at work, the Hermes 3000 sounds just as good. Its stroke is short, smooth and quiet.

You can move the ribbon to three positions for longer life. Or to a special position for cutting stencils.

The Hermes 3000's automatic tabulator makes columns of figures as easy to type as text.

You can match the "feel" of the Hermes 3000 to your machine at work by adjusting this lever to one of four positions.

The machine you use at work has nothing on the Hermes 3000. Its 44-key keyboard includes every symbol and service key you can think of. There's even a key that unjams jammed keys.

The Hermes 3000 is a lot of business machine for the money—\$129.95.

The 3000 doesn't hook up to an outlet. It's a manual. Built for jobs where an electric would be a waste of money and electricity.

You can use the Hermes 3000 anywhere you find room in the house. You can take it on your trips, too. It has a carrying case top that locks here to its base.

For the name of the Hermes dealer in your area and for literature on our full line of typewriters and figuring machines, write Peillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.

HERMES
A division of Peillard Incorporated, makers of Bolex movie cameras.

Contents

APRIL 3, 1967 Volume 26, No. 14

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

16 Terror in the Air

Fear of Lew Alcindor was the dominant theme of the NCAA basketball championships in Louisville

22 A Little Tiger Takes the Cup

Nancy Greene was all the races at Jackson Hole, beating favored Marielle Goetsch for skiing's World Cup

24 Stanford's Big New Splash

Gregory Buckingham stroked to the top of American swimming in the NCAA championships

26 Detroit's Refrain Is Mayo and Sain

The Tigers, after a bewildering season, expect their new manager and his pitching coach to set things right

28 After Muhammad, a Graveyard

The heavyweight champion's most interesting fight might also be his last for as late as the draft catches up with him

30 Feuds with Officials and the Press

In Part 2 of a series, Bill Horack gives his side of the battles that have made so many headlines

43 Deadeye Dude of the North

Newest hero of the Montreal Canadiens is Yvon Cournoyer, a sharp shooter and phenomenal goal scorer

48 Glean of Gold, Shine of Silver

The ever popular blazer jacket man comes in all sorts of cuts and fabrics and is being adorned with fancy buttons

58 No Park To Go Barefoot In

The Ten Thousand Islands are alive with fish, snakes, alligators, wild birds—and some pretty wild people

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 54 Horse Racing |
| 46 People | 56 Bridge |
| 48 Sporting Look | 75 For the Record |
| 50 Wrestling | 76 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year ends, by Time Inc., 300 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Leno, President; D. W. Brunsbach, Treasurer; Bernard Bates, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, Continental U.S. subscription \$8 a year; Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 75

Next week

THE GREAT DEBATE—field-goal version—is settled as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED pits U.S. pro kickers against champion Rugby and soccer players on their English home grounds.

AS MASTERS WEEK begins, Alfred Wright tells of the foreigners who add prestige and Dan Jenkins chronicles the wondrous worries of CBS, which shows all in living color.

THE BIG BATTLE for world sports car supremacy rolls on to Schenberg. Fil. with Ford and Chaparrals the headlines in a 12-hour test of speed and endurance. Bob O'Brien reports.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Winitz

President: James A. Lown

Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffin

Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Loran

Managing Editor: Andre Lagarde
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnson
Assistant Managing Editor: John Tobey, Roy Tennil
Art Director: Richard Gargel

Senior Editors: Walter Huggins, Robert H. Boyce, Arthur L. Bradley, Robert Givens, Ray Cave, Robert Chazotte, Andrew Gussak, Roger S. Hertz, Norman Kain, Harriet H. Maltz, Jack Olson, Cole Phillips, Gilbert Rogers, Kenneth S. Evans, Fred Smith, Jeremiah Lee, Whitney Young, Alfred Wright
Associate Editors: G. J. Aronson, Joseph Carroll, Frank Dickson, Dan Jenkins, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, William Lupton, Jack Mann, Bob O'Neil, Lewis Perle, Ler E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Werner, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Paul Aebisher, Dennis Berens, Tom C. Brady, Jay Campbell, Alan Higgins, Marvin Hymann, Jack Jones, Barbara K. Kattana, John Lowney, Harold Pennington, Patricia Ryan, Les Smith

Photographer: Mickey Cohen, John M. Gashland, SEPTU, George J. Woodcock, ARNOLD, Betty Dick, Dorothy Katz, CENTRAL, photography, Lee Davidson, Betty Conley, Gerry Gussak, Jerry Drake, Walter Ison Jr., Neil Elder, Richard Meek, Murray F. Newman, Herb Schaffman, Russ Sand, Art Stry, Tony Trine

Writer-Reporters: Oscar Fitzpatrick, ROBERT BRUCE, Ken Capra, Kay Flood, Gary Kormanik, Frank Krupar, Mike Kiley, Gary Koff, Milton Shurtick, Herman Winkler, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Ann Johnson, Elizabeth Kravitz, Julia Lamb, Felix Lee, Ruth M. Linder, Rose Mary Mochon, Judy Morris, Paula Pratt, Sarah Pizag, Richard Quinn, Debra Rogers, Louis Serrano, Chris and Walcott

Special Correspondents: Charles Goren (Cards), Carlton Maguire (Football), John O'Malley (Hockey), William J. Lubell (Golf)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (Manager), William Gallagher, Francis A. Sullivan, Wayne Frasier copy mix, Eugene Gottlieb (Chief), Betty Delucchi, Barbara Ford, Barbara Goodrich, Joe Herman, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Myraun Harris

Art Department: Harvey Carr, Martin Nathan (Assistant Director), William Bernstein, Brenda F. Heiber, Catherine G. Heiber, Thomas Vandenberg, Thomas Van Lanen

Editorial Assistant: Joan Lusk, Theodore Kopylov

Special Correspondents: CARL ELLIOTT, ASSISTANT, Eleanor Milesian, Albuquerque, Arch Nugent, Rochester (Linda), John Rattierman, Atlanta, Jim Meyer, Austin (Eric), Anne Burke, Baltimore, Walter Ware, Baton Rouge, Dan Huchatz, Berkeley (Wah), Betty Conoley, Boston, Leo Hengshin, Buffalo, Dick Johnson, Canton City (Herc), Gay Sledge, Charlotte (A.C.), Warren Kopylov, Charlotte (N.C.), Ronald Green, Charlotte (H.C.), Chris Crumier, Chicago, William Parling, Cincinnati, Jim Scherzinger, Cleveland, Charles Heaton, Columbus (John), Kaye Kestler, Dallas, Paul Brown, New York, Beverly Bob Brown, San Mateo, Bob Ashby, Detroit, Tina Whitman, Greenhouse (N.C.), Smith Barnett, Birmingham (Paul), John Teleny, Honolulu, Ted Korman, Houston, Jack Gallagher, Indianapolis, Dick Dietz, Jacksonville, Bill Kozell, Kansas City, Theodore O'Leary, Las Vegas (Tom), George K. Lee, Los Angeles (K.A.), Larry Van Housen, Little Rock (Lark), Orville Henry, Los Angeles (Jack), Bob Lauer, Los Angeles (Lark), Michael Charles Goldberg, Louisville, Louisville, Dick Gordon, Nashville, Max York, New Orleans, Peter Pando, Oklahoma City, Harold Seles, Omaha, Bob H. Longprich, Philadelphia, Georgia, Fairfax, Phoenix (Lark), Frank Gussak, Pittsburgh, Paddy Reacher, Portland (Eric), John White, Providence, John Barker, San Jose City, Greater Portland, San Francisco, John Spero, San Diego, Al Campbell, San Francisco, Al Rosenbaum, Seattle, Kenneth Bennett, South Bend (Ind.), Joe Davis, St. Louis, Bob Merriman, St. Petersburg (Phil), Gordon Martin, Syracuse (N.Y.), Bud Vander Vort, Tallahassee (Phil), Bill McArthur, Waco (Lark), Dan Campbell, Washington, D.C., Mark Zed, Winston-Salem (N.C.), Bob Harpige

Canada: Alonzo, Arthur Sagel, Ontario, Dillon O'Leary, Toronto, Ken Nuckold, Vancouver, Eric Wishtand

Foreign Bureau: CHAS. RICHARD N. CLARK, NEW YORK, JOHN SMITH

Publisher: Gerry Vail

Advertising Sales Director: Harry Schoenfelder, Jr.

Circulation Director: Robert E. Conley

General Manager: J. Richard Mawle

As you may know, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is written and edited in New York, but it is composed in Chicago, a 713-mile gap that creates occasional problems—typographical errors, for one. Such problems are handled by Time Inc.'s production staff, under the direction of Fred Love. Over the years several of Love's men have been assigned to handle the needs of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, but only one, Jim Ostler, has been with the magazine since its first issue. Ostler is a quiet man who goes about his duties so efficiently that many of us know him only as a disembodied voice, as in: "Hello, New York? This is Chicago."

Officially, Ostler's job is to turn layouts, photographs and stories into a magazine, melding SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial output with R. R. Donnelley's printing facilities. The edited copy from New York is received on the teleprinters in the Chicago office and sent across the street to the composing room, where copy and engravings are made up into pages. Ostler then reads page proofs and matches them to layouts that have been flown out from New York. If something in the copy is not exactly right, Ostler is quick to phone either Gene Ulrich, our production manager, or Beatrice Gottlieb, who is in charge of the copy desk.



OUR MAN IN CHICAGO: JIM OSTLER

Ostler has a second, an unofficial, job for which, at the office level, he is famous. In a typical scene, say 5 o'clock on a Monday afternoon, when the editorial staff has wrapped up another issue and is about to head home for its midweek weekend, the phone will ring. Jim Ostler in Chicago. Not really his business, he will say, but in the lead story on the Baltimore Orioles we have Frank Robinson hitting .330, while in BASEBALL'S WEEK, 65 pages later, we have him at .328. And, er, in the story on page. . . .

Ostler explains his zeal and blunder-busting this way: "I like to act as the first subscriber—the first man able to read the whole magazine at once, fresh." He is quick to admit that he is not infallible, however. "A few weeks ago I let someone go skiing in Falstaff, Ariz."

Ostler's most severe tests come periodically, when hordes of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED editors, writers and production men descend upon Chicago for such fast-closing color stories as the Super Bowl or the Masters. Ostler is the perfect host, showing staff members to desks, providing cold cuts for the hungry, drinks for the thirsty, and filling in during the slack hours as an all-too-adapt bridge player.

Ostler, otherwise a gentle Chicago-land native who peacefully resides in Arlington Heights with his wife and seven children, also delights in conducting visitors to such local points of interest—just up the street from his office—as the restaurant which served as Al Capone headquarters and the barber-shop site of a mob massacre.

"It's hard to describe what I've been doing all these years without sounding duller and more pompous by the minute," Ostler says, "but I'd like to ask one favor. I don't want to come out sounding like the great I Am in Chicago." As far as we're concerned, he comes close.

Gary Ball

BOOKTALK

A new story long kept in frozen storage
brings a half-forgotten adventure to life

One of the few British soldiers to come out of the Battle of New Orleans with an enhanced reputation was a 28-year-old signal officer named John Franklin. Young Mr. Franklin had already given the Royal Navy 13 years of heroic service that ranged from mapping the Australian coast to fighting at Trafalgar before he ran up against Andrew Jackson. Four years after the battle was over and the war done, he led an expedition from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic. He returned to England three years later, having traveled 5,550 miles searching for a Northwest Passage to the Pacific.

Captain Franklin later wrote a classic account of his adventures, married happily, grew wealthy, was knighted, served as an enlightened Colonial official and became one of those flowery, gallant, questing figures like Sir Galahad and Lawrence of Arabia, who periodically capture the British imagination.

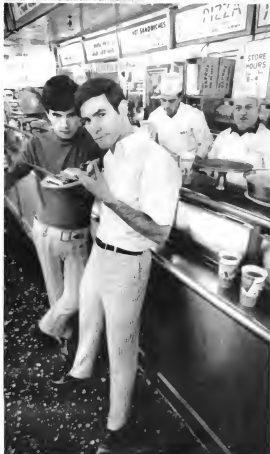
In 1845, with two ships and 129 men, Sir John Franklin disappeared. Franklin had told friends that he believed there was a navigable passage along the Arctic Coast from Backs River to the Bering Strait, and the general area near the mouth of Backs River where he vanished was known, but some 20 years of searching for his remains and those of his crew yielded no solid evidence. A lot of Eskimo legends and finally a handwritten fragmentary note told of Franklin's death and the disaster to the party after he died. His widow used her own fortune and money raised by public subscription to keep up the search for other records he must have kept.

In 1871, some four years before Lady Franklin died, an American whaler named Thomas F. Barry spent a winter frozen in the ice not far from where Sir John was known to have been. Captain Barry said nothing about Sir John or his expedition when he first got back to civilization, but sometime later he remembered that some natives told him that a party of white men who had been there perished in the Arctic and that a local chief had collected their papers and valuables. Captain Barry, oddly, said nothing of this until five years later, when he returned from another freeze and said he had been visited again by the same mysterious Eskimos. This time one of them gave him a spoon with the word "Franklin" engraved on it.

Captain Barry turned out to be an unprincipled liar, but considerable good came from his fabrications. They inspired a remarkable book, *Schwartz's Search* (Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, \$8.99), which has now been published in a facsimile edition.

—CLOUTIER

Collection: Fortrel® (Kalamazoo, Mich.)



You can do the hippest things in slacks if there's Fortrel in them.

KAZOO slacks for Lean-agers are permanently pressed to live up to the fancy line they hand out. They look smooth and stay that way, no matter what. These Fortrel polyester and cotton slacks don't miss a trick as far as good looks go. Showin' a knock'em dead glen plaid with first cousins on Carnaby Street. Sizes 26-38. Colors: eyes blue, blade grey, knuckles brass and box sand, about \$9; a brawny tattersall with a classical bent in colors out of the blue and shifting sand, sizes 26-38, about \$8. At better stores everywhere. For the store nearest you, write: Kalamazoo Pant Co., Kalamazoo, Mich. 49003.

ELENESE FORTREL
The Kalamazoo Pant
Get a better look. Come and good things get better.




Take Bobby Nichols' driving stance for power.

Wear Grand-Slam® Socks by Munsingwear...for comfort.

Put your feet in Bobby Nichols' socks. Grand-Slams give you soft, absorbent comfort on the course or off. Generous calf length. Orion®-nylon stretch—won't shrink out of fit. Colors to go with every Grand-Slam shirt, 3 styles! Par, \$1. Birdie, \$1.50. Cushion-sole Eagle, \$1.50. At top sock counters.

Munsingwear, Inc., 718 Glenwood Ave., Mpls., Minn. 55405



"My neck might save your heart!"

High blood pressure causes stroke and contributes to heart attack in man. But giraffes aren't hurt by the sky-high pressure pushing blood up their 10 feet of neck. Why? Medical scientists are searching for this and many other life-saving answers through research you make possible with your Heart Fund dollars.

**GIVE...so more will live
HEART FUND**



AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION

tion after being out of print for nearly a century. It was written by William H. Gilder, a New York newspaperman who accompanied Frederick Schwatka on his search for Sir John's legacy.

Schwatka was as honest and unimaginative as Barry was devious and crooked. He was a good, practical Civil War cavalryman of Polish descent, and it never occurred to him that anyone would make up a story for the sensation it caused. Trusting Barry's tale completely, therefore, on June 19, 1878 he and a small party set sail for the far north on the whaler *Eosion*, commanded by, of all people, Captain Barry!

They were deposited by Barry, along with their stores, near the northernmost point of Hudson's Bay. They headed due north by land through previously unexplored country, leaving a rich cache of canned meat and other supplies for their return. Captain Barry, doubtless thinking he would never see them again, theftily loaded the supplies back on his ship.

Gilder's narrative is a simple, almost laconic report of the first Arctic expedition to travel light and live off the land, like Eskimos. Its members wore Eskimo clothing, slept in igloos and though it took some practice—on walrus hide, when necessary, with their Eskimo companions. In 11 months and 20 days they killed 522 caribou as well as innumerable ducks, geese, musk-oxen, walrus and seals. They endured the lowest temperatures (-71°) and made the longest recorded sledge journey (3,251 miles).

Traveling in three lines roughly a mile apart, searching for camps and records, they even found some traces of Franklin's party, but most of these had been known about before, and Gilder's attempt to make the finds seem important provides the only dull passages in his book.

The account's greatest virtue is a fresh and unhackneyed prose that brings the whole adventure to life with effortless immediacy. The parts realized almost at the start that they had been deceived, and washed no anger over it. "We had come on a fool's errand," Gilder observed. His descriptions of pain and hardship are just as objective. "My hip joints," he wrote, "that had ached like a toothache the night before, now seemed to be made of rusty old iron, and grated and shrieked when I tried to move."

Against the sweep of their Arctic achievement, even Captain Barry's duplicity seemed hardly worth mentioning, and Gilder's attitude when he learned that Barry had stolen their vital supplies was tinged more with disappointment than rebuke. "It is usually considered," he wrote, "that those who encounter the perils of Arctic travel have enough to contend with, from the very nature of the undertaking."

—ROBERT CANTWELL

**What kind
of man uses
Vaseline
Hair Tonic?**



He watches an unknown dealer auction off a Renoir for \$85,000.



He studies the painting... then the dealer.



What's he doing?



He's tearing up her check.



"That painting's a fraud..."



and so is this dealer."



The painting was dated 1920.



Renoir died in 1919.

**The man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic.**



**Holds hair
a man's way.**

Spalding challenges you to one round with this startling new ball.



You won't believe the Spalding Executive. Not till you play it.

It sounds too good to be true. Nine years ago we started experiments toward creating a totally new kind of ball. We tested it under the roughest conditions— even on driving ranges. It endured the worst treatment over and over again.

Many touring pros can't distinguish it from the balls they usually play. It has the same click and feel. It travels as far or farther. But its unique construction assures you of absolute uniformity from ball to ball. And chances are you'll lose it before you wear it out.

We hope you can't resist a challenge. Because we think one round will convince you. The Spalding Executive. Only \$1.25 at your pro shop.



The Spalding Executive. You may never play an ordinary ball again.

HIGH-STEPPING BOAT WITH PIZZAZ...THE LARSON 17' VOLERO 1771



Zing!..

This year, have some fun . . . Switch on your eight track Lear Jet stereo tape player (it's standard equipment), plug in the RCA tape cartridge, tune up the soft, swinging sound, lean back in your sunbather seat (it's standard) check the gauge on your 18 gallon gas tank, throw on your running lights, set your convertible top up or down (they're all standard). Then **ZING! POWER ON**—it roars to life . . . you move out smartly in Larson's 17-foot Volero 177.

Slice through waves . . . You ride on a million little bubbles . . . slice through waves and wakes

with the Deep Vee hull that Paul Larson designed. Volero 177—every bit as seaworthy as she is handsome.

You'll be proud of her.

A lot of boat . . . a lot for your money. Value you can see, touch, use.

Compare Larson against any other brand. We urge you to check the price/value/quality ratio. Outboard: \$1495 complete (FOB without engine) or Comboard \$3575 with 120 hp Mercruiser engine.



Compare Larson's value Compare Larson's features Compare if you can



LARSON BOATS, Little Falls, Mass.,
Petersburg, Va. • Nashville, Ga.

GM

Cadillac Motor Division

BORN OF EXCELLENCE



TWO EXCITING NEW REASONS FOR DRIVING.

History's best-selling Cadillac is giving its new owners exciting reasons to take to the highways. Whether it's the dramatic new Fleetwood Eldorado, the world's finest personal car, or one of the eleven other models you are more familiar with,

the year's most exciting luxury look belongs to Cadillac. Cadillac is also making driving more pleasurable with the quietest, smoothest, most agile performance in luxury car history. And Cadillac helps make driving safer with such new features

as lane-changing signals, folding seat back latches, padded steering wheel and hazard warning system. Visit your authorized dealer and you'll discover that motoring can be a truly exciting experience—if you're at the wheel of a new 1967 Cadillac.

Standard of the World



Cadillac



SCORECARD

LADY-KILLER

Sportswriters tend to be gregarious. In fact, a number of them spend more time hanging out together than going after stories. Which is one reason they don't put the knock on one another in print. After all, you may be having your next free drink with the guy. Another reason is that they fear no one will cure.

Larry Merchant, who writes a column for the *New York Post*, cares when the public is badly informed and couldn't care less what his conferees think of him. He's got other people to drink with. In a piece last week Merchant made history of a kind. He came out against what he called "the old ladies of the press," in general, and Arthur Daley of *The New York Times*, "the only Pulitzer Prize-winning sportsman in creation," in particular. As Merchant has written elsewhere: "Hoo boy!"

The headline over Merchant's column was **NOISY**, which he defined as the "blindness that affects people who watch Muhammad Ali." Merchant went on to say that nature's way of correcting fight-sight is by hindsight. He gave us a for instance Jack Dempsey, who was reviled as a draft dodger and is now revered. And he told how time improved the Joe Louis legend.

Merchant also said that the old ladies of the press believe a heavyweight champ should embody certain virtues, and that since Muhammad Ali lacks these they feel he has betrayed their faith, and woe is Ali. "Thus," Merchant wrote, "we have the spectacle of Arthur Daley . . . blinking in disbelief at the antics of Muhammad Ali, in and out of the ring. Because Ali Baby is irrelevant and irrelevant—fiery sins both—he obviously can't fight too well either." Merchant went on to quote a Daley sidebar on the fight, which ended up: ". . . it was a stinker in more ways than one." While he was at it, Merchant might well have questioned the lead on a Dick Young column in the *New York Daily News*, which began, "You'd be surprised how many people

seem to think the Clay-Folley fight had a certain odor to it." All right, how many? Although, farther down, Young said the fight looked honest "on my [our italics] television set," right away readers are thinking the fight was funny. Fight fans feel that the Daleys and the Youngs know more than they're writing because of libel laws or something. And the implication is that Young wasn't looking at the right television set.

Merchant wasn't knocking the freedom of the press or the right to disagree. He was exercising both. (For a real workout, get a load of Jockey Bill Hartack on page 30.) In this case we happen to feel Merchant's on the right side, but mostly we're glad that he broke a long, fatuous silence.

HOT MONEY

For many years Texas A&M and SMU have played football in November. But this year they will meet on Sept. 16. Why? \$88,440 for A&M and \$88,440 for SMU, that's why. When ABC-TV asked them if they would be willing to play their traditional game at the end of the summer they thought about it for something like a tenth of a second.

The afternoon game undoubtedly will be played in fierce heat, but the young men who are having their characters built shouldn't mind that. In point of fact, they should be grateful that the folks in TV land traditionally take long summer vacations and aren't going to buy a piece of college football for Aug. 1.

FALSE START

While we're on the subject, last Friday evening, at the NCAA Swimming and Diving Championships in East Lansing, Mich., the announcer called the 500-yard free-style finalists to the starting blocks, as the crowd roared with laughter and the swimmers grinned. The event had taken place on Thursday, but the NBC cameras, which were taping it for Sunday's *Sports Telecast*, had gone blotto and hadn't picked up the first length.

So Producer Roy Hammerman decided to start the race all over again. Said one NBC official: "Maybe we better not do this. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will probably jump all over us."

Who, us?

SAVING GRACES

A gentleman named Moody H. Mulkey Jr. of Perry, Ga. has perfected a golf driving net, which he is selling by mail. What caught our eye was the postscript to Mulkey's promotional letter: "If you give up golf, this netting makes an excellent fish net. The framework is ideal for a rose trellis."

ELECTROPHANT

In 1945 Frank Stuart, an English engineer and theatrical-mask maker, invented a life-size elephant that ran, or rather galumphed, on gasoline. Although he sold one to Eisenhower for his 1952 presidential campaign, it was not a success, as gas fumes overcame those riding it. Undaunted, Stuart, who is now 84, went back to the old drawing board in Thaxted, Essex and invented an electric elephant, or Electrophant, which he is now trying to peddle in the U.S.

According to Electrophants, Ltd.: "An Electrophant is a battery driven, hydraulically operated replica of a full-size elephant. Its movement at a maximum



of 8 mph on four wheels under cast aluminum hooves, gives the lumbering gait and partial roll of a real elephant and its head and trunk move in counterpoint to his gait. Its feet, although appearing to lift, do not in fact leave the ground, thus avoiding any risk of children's feet getting crushed. . . . Driving the Electrophant is so simple that

continued



My
'67
"Low
Profile"
Woods put
new muscle
in *your* swing.

HOW?

A completely new head design on my Model 8090 "Low Profile" Woods for 1967 works in three ways to give you maximum distance. The 1 1/2" "Low Profile" head minimizes air drag. A lighter, faster head gives you the moving force of a much larger wood. And, a 12° loft on the driver gets the ball in the air cleanly and accurately.

Ask your Golf Professional to let you try new "Low Profile" Woods. You will find they give you consistently more distance than you've experienced with other woods.



Ben Hogan is a registered trademark of Ben Hogan Golf Company, Inc.
©1967 Ben Hogan Golf Company, Inc. All rights reserved.

SCORECARD *continued*

children have driven it with precision. . . N. B. The Electrophant is designed for use both out of doors and indoors. The skin is waterproof and all metal parts coated with rust resistant galvanized paint."

The suggested retail price for an Electrophant is \$18,000. Now this may seem out of line when a full-size live elephant goes for only \$2,500 plus \$400 in freight charges. But it costs about \$600 a month to feed an elephant. With an Electrophant, all you have to do is plug it in at night to recharge the batteries.

THE REASONS WHY

Although U.S. players have been a god-send to European basketball teams, there are exceptions. According to our Antwerp correspondent, six U.S. players were recently released by Belgian teams. It seems they were, for the most part:

1) "Too slow to catch up with the whirlwind style of Belgian basketball."

2) "Too short! There is no need in Belgium for 'average' or small players. Belgium needs tall pivots, about 6'8".

3) "At coaches' instructions they usually ask 'Why?'"

PARTY POOPER

Fifty-four years, eight months, six days, eight hours, 32 minutes and 20 1/2ths seconds after he had set out on the marathon run in the 1912 Olympics, Shiro Kanakuri of Japan was clocked in at Stockholm's Olympic Stadium.

Kanakuri had disappeared midway through the race, leading to rumors that he had missed his first checkpoint and was still running. Indeed, his whereabouts remained a mystery until 1962, when a Swedish newsmen tracked him down in the town of Tamana in southern Japan, where he was enjoying the placid life of a pensioned geography teacher.

It seems that Kanakuri, on the verge of fainting from heat exhaustion, had been running past a banker's villa on the outskirts of Tureberg, when he spotted people drinking orange juice in the garden. He stopped to quench his thirst and lingered at the garden party for an hour, then took a train to Stockholm, where he spent the night in a hotel and, deeply ashamed, left on the first available boat for the Orient.

Now 76, Kanakuri returned to Stockholm at the invitation of a businessmen's committee, which is raising money to send the Swedish team to the 1968 Olym-



Now,
you can
take an
iron *less!*

HOW?

By using my new Percussion-Center 7™ Irons, which I am convinced are the longest hitting irons ever made. Percussion-Center 7 Irons incorporate a precisely engineered balancing of head weight distribution, swing weight, shaft flex, inertia and kinetic energy. The resulting added power lets you take a club less for consistently greater distance and finer control than with any other iron.

Go by your Golf Professional Shop and try new Percussion-Center 7 Irons for yourself. You will recognize at once how their added playability can help your game.



Ben Hogan is a registered trademark of Ben Hogan Golf Company, Inc.
©1967 Ben Hogan Golf Company, Inc. All rights reserved.

Who has a policy that meets the changing needs of every step of your career?

NU has

National Union has the policy for the man on his way. It's called the NU "CAREER" Policy, designed for a wide variety of needs: the young man who wants family coverage now, but thinks he'll have enough money for their needs later; the man who goes into business and realizes partnership insurance is a must; the older man who uses insurance to enable his family to pay inheritance taxes. The NU "CAREER" Policy offers this and much more—best of all, top coverage at low cost. You should know more about it.

For the name of your local agent, make a collect call to
Gene Carmin in Pittsburgh
412-621-8900 or
Jack Stark in San Francisco
—415-981-5668.

 **National Union Insurance Companies**
PITTSBURGH, PA. 15213



SCORECARD continued

blood among its customers, and the Morning Glory Club should go a long way toward improving the breed of horseplayers. Now the Matchmaker Stakes may play its part in improving the breed of the horses themselves.

WINNING FRIENDS

Want to buy. Horned toads and land terrapins. Will pay five cents for the former and fifteen cents each for the latter.

This ad, from the *Cross Plains* (Texas) Review, is similar to others frequently appearing in West Texas weeklies. Each year hundreds of thousands of adult horned toads (or frogs) are shipped out of Texas for pets, and thousands of baby toads are encased in clear plastic for tie clasps, paper weights and other novelties. Texas tortoises (*Gopherus berlandieri*) also are sold as pets, and an estimated 120,000 are exported yearly for their oil, which is used in the manufacture of face cream.

According to Dr. William F. Blair of the University of Texas and Dr. Harold E. Laughlin, director of the Heard Foundation of McKinney, Texas, the leading authorities on the horned toad, commercial exploitation of the species poses a threat of extinction because of its low rate of reproduction. The fate of the tortoise, which doesn't breed until it is 15 or 20 years old rarely survives in captivity, is even more serious.

Happily the critics have found champions in State Senators Joe Christie of El Paso and Don Kennard of Fort Worth, who have introduced bills prohibiting commercial exploitation.

Said Senator Christie: "Horned toads are beneficial, harmless friends of man. One toad eats an average of 40,000 insects a year."

Although tortoises primarily dine on prickly pear, Senator Kennard brought two to a hearing of the Senate Game and Fish committee to demonstrate their amiability. Won over, the committee last week approved Kennard's bill as well as Christie's.

THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Ussery, on Reflected Glory, a Kentucky Derby favorite: "He may be a late starter, but he's an early finisher."
- Warren Giles, National League president, agast at learning Detroit schoolboys play two-strike, three-ball baseball: "Pretty soon they will have the players come out, take a bow and leave." **END**



An invitation to writing pleasure
CROSS
SINCE 1848

From four-fifty to fifty dollars each at better stores everywhere in Lustrous Chrome, 12 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Kt. Gold.

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1848
A.T. CROSS Company
LIVINGSTONE, MASS. 01901

If you think our X-31 irons are great—



wait'll you try the new X-31 woods!

Take the longest wood shot you've ever hit, take out a new X-31 wood and have a go at outdoing yourself. You'll go further down the fairway than ever before. You'll know what's going to happen from the solid "feel" of the club, the solid "click" when it connects with the ball.

Here's why Wilson's new X-31 woods are the most powerful clubs you could own.



Exclusive Strata-Bloc® construction. The distance secret of Strata-Bloc is all in how Wilson builds it. Layers of select maple strips are bonded together into a single, powerful unit—a club head that's stronger than natural wood. The face insert is Epolox,® a "miracle" resin. Teamed with Strata-Bloc, you get a "sweet spot" that's packed with dynamite.



Accentuated rocker sole. Wilson has designed the X-31 wood from the ground up with a rocker sole that will get you out of tight lies with more on the ball and less of the turf. Brass sole plates on all the woods add more weight to the hitting area, with more distance for you.

Power-Groove® shafts minimize torque, multiply your chances for accuracy. A vertical ribbed section at the torsion point of each shaft reduces torque, yet maintains the magic Wilson "feel" so essential to accuracy. And all shafts are scientifically engineered to compensate for the change in weight between each individual club head.

Now listen to what's new in the fabulous X-31 Irons

"Direction Finder" blades, with accentuated rocker soles. Wilson has combined a wider sole



with an accentuated rocker design to concentrate weight at the bottom of the blade. A beveled leading edge lets you "go through" the ball and turf from any kind of lie. With these X-31 irons, you enjoy a great playing advantage!



X-31 shafts are "married" to the irons. Wilson drills through the hosel of each X-31 iron and seats the Power-Groove shaft in the area usually occupied by dead weight. Wilson places this weight in the hitting area, where it really counts.

Order your Wilson X-31 woods and irons from your golf professional soon!

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.

(Available only through golf professional shops.)

**"I'd give
any one of them
the keys
to my car
tonight"**



Henry Ford II

Here at Ford Motor Company, we believe that young, safe drivers should be rewarded. All too often the under-25's are unfairly blamed for poor driving, and people tend to forget how many of them actually have excellent driving records.

That's why we sponsored this contest. We know what a large contribution to safety

young people can make. Like these young drivers. To win this nationwide program, it took a perfect driving record, plus a 50-word essay outlining their personal program for safe driving. And they have some very good ideas!

Henry Ford II won't have to give any of these under-25's the keys to his car, either

Meet the safest young drivers in America...winners of



despite all the hard work and sweat, there's a lot to be said for the Ford Mustang. It's the only car in the world that's been named "Most Beautiful" by the people who know best—the people who drive it. And it's the only car in the world that's been named "Most Beautiful" by the people who know best—the people who drive it.

...and it's the only car in the world that's been named "Most Beautiful" by the people who know best—the people who drive it. And it's the only car in the world that's been named "Most Beautiful" by the people who know best—the people who drive it.



Ford Motor Company's Safe Driving Incentive Program.



Robert Brubaker
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Joan M. Compton
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Kathy Wang
Pasadena, Tex.

Kelly Hight
Kemp, Calif.

TERROR IN THE AIR

Apprehension pervaded the camps of UCLA's rivals at the NCAA basketball championships, inspiring fruitless stratagems and ineffectual performances. The fear was of Lew Alcindor, and it was justified **by FRANK DEFORD**

The moon hung over Louisville, full gold, and at its perigee as round and bright and near as it ever is. It lay in the constellation of Virgo, the Virgin, which was appropriate, since UCLA—only a little closer to earthbound rivals—ended an immaculate 30-0 season with a 79-64 rout of Dayton for the national collegiate basketball championship. So awesome were Lew Alcindor and his teammates and so obvious is it that they are destined for two more titles that the old moon there over Louisville will doubtless suffer the indignity of conquest by mortal man before the Bruins do.

UCLA should lose a game sometime in December 1969, but the possibility of a freak loss before then will continue to nurture hope on campuses and at coaching elms around the country. After all, only a few people have quit taking baths just because the accident rate is so high around tubs. Despite the odds, one perseveres, in basketball as in hygiene. Practically speaking, however, with regard to the national championship, the next two years offer no more chance for a different outcome than there would have been if the Romans had been asked to

repeat the Rape of the Sabine annually.

The UCLA victories over Houston and Dayton were so convincing that the only real question remaining is how much better Alcindor and his mates can become. Next season two potential All-Americans, Mike Lynn and Edgar Lacey, are expected to rejoin the team, and a 6'8" freshman named Steve Patterson moves up. And ain't nobody leaving.

Still, no matter how good so many of the Bruins are and how well they are coached by John Wooden, their game is Lew Alcindor. As a sophomore, he dominates the college sport much more than Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain do the pros—if only because collegians do not often encounter such a phenomenon. Of course, they learn fast enough. It did not take Houston long last Friday night to abandon its plan of attacking Alcindor (*opposite*) and to move Elvin Hayes farther out for his shots. Against Dayton, Lew was credited with only four blocked shots, but they all came early. Some observers, watching Alcindor for the first time, evinced disappointment at this performance—only four blocked shots, indeed! Presumably they would

also have been disenchanted with Aaron Burr for employing only one bullet to make a telling point with Alexander Hamilton. Lew has no more interest in overkill than Bertrand Russell does.

It is doubtful that Alcindor was ever tested fully all season, but the languid, almost bored attitude that he appears to affect on court is misleading. His teammates suggest that this is, simply, his style, and that he is not only alert and ready to assume command when necessary, but that he is feigning indifference to lure the opposition to him. He is not only a smart player but utterly selfless. "We play team," he says, succinctly. "We don't play one man. You lose playing one man." It is significant that when the huge Houston front line was collapsing all over him, when he was also supposed to be in a grudge duel with Hayes, that he still refused to accept such a meaningless challenge. Again and again, holding the ball high, poised, turning, looking, thinking, he would make the right play—shoot or pass to the open man.

Alcindor's influence is so pervasive that it is difficult to determine *continued*

A tower of intimidation confronts Houston's Elvin Hayes as he tries to penetrate the basket area. Later he scored consistently from outside.





Lefty Lynn Shackelford's accurate outside shooting kept Dayton and Houston defenders apprehensive, took pressure off Alcindor. Ball handler Mike Warren further upset defenses by forcing rivals to be wary of his speedy, elusive drives and short-range jumpers.



how good his teammates really are. For instance, Forward Lynn Shackelford made 16 baskets in 29 attempts in the two games, most of them on beautiful, long left-handed jumps. A great shooter? Who knows? Shackelford rarely has to shoot with a hand in his face. True, his shooting took some pressure off Lew inside, but the man guarding Shackelford was always halfway back, preparing to help out against Alcinder.

The other UCLA forward, Kenny Heitz, was assigned to Dayton's Don May. The night before, against favored North Carolina, May had been marvelous. He made 13 straight shots, 34 points and had 15 rebounds. Against Heitz, he missed his first half a dozen shots and was only three for 12 in the first half, when the issue was settled. Heitz said frankly, "May is just a terrific player. So strong—and, more than that, he knows how to use his strength. I know that he was trying to get inside on me, but I could tell all along that he wouldn't take me in as far as he would normally like to because Lew would be there."

Outside, Mike Warren and Lucius Allen gave all appearances of being the best backcourt in the land. They whipped the ball around and popped in the shots, and Allen particularly moved down the middle without the ball for the easy pass and layup. But all this, too, they were able to accomplish without the close defense that other good guards must face.

This is not to propose that Warren, Allen, Shackelford and Heitz are over-rated. On the contrary, they may well be better than advertised. It simply indicates that it is impossible to tell how good they are.

At any rate, the excellence of the UCLA team was perhaps best shown in the early minutes of the Houston match. The Cougars must be the most massive team in the country. Coach Guy Lewis used nine men, all of them well fed; six are at least 6'6" and Don Chaney is a hefty 6'5" guard. With this arsenal of muscle, the Cougars attempted to go strength to strength—right at Alcinder. It was no personal crusade by Hayes, as some observers thought. "No," Lewis said, "All week we just said: 'go to him.' All week that was it." Before the game Johnny Dee of Notre Dame, whose team

continued

Helping Lew with his chores, 6'2" Lucius Allen was the team's second best rebounder.





played both Houston and UCLA, guessed the Houston strategy. "They've got to try to foul Alcindor out," Dee said. "The only way to beat him is to hope for the three Fs—Foreign Court, Friendly Officials and Foul Out Alcindor." It was a good idea, but Alcindor had the fourth F—Forget It. Houston got Alcindor to foul—once, after 33 minutes. Although Lew blocked several Hayes shots and spooked him and his teammates into missing other easy ones, Houston had a 19-18 lead midway through the first half. Overall, the Cougars were playing very well. They were holding the boards, they had given Alcindor only one basket and their floor game was sharp. Using their height, they stuck to crisp overhead passes to chop up the UCLA full-court press, which is, really, only a shadow of its old self. Meanwhile, the Bruins had been hardly impressive. And yet, despite all this, Houston was only one point ahead. Then Shackelford, unmolested, hit a corner jump, the Bruins stole the ball off the press for the first time that night, Alcindor stuffed in a basket a few seconds later—and quickly it was 29-17, UCLA won by a score of 73-58, for what that matters.

Houston was handicapped by outside shooting that has been poor all year and became worse with Alcindor as a distraction. Nevertheless, citing statistics, Hayes insisted afterward that his teammates had "choked" and that he had found Alcindor sadly lacking. Speaking evenly and with obvious conviction, Hayes said: "He's not aggressive enough on the boards, particularly on offense. Defensively, he just stands around. He's not at all, you know, all they really put him up to be." As Hayes went on, patiently cataloging these deficiencies, Alcindor, expressionless as always, moved nearby through the crowd signing autographs. Hayes was undisturbed.

"Hey, Lewis," Mike Warren called. "Elvin wants to see you." Silently, Alcindor turned and headed toward Hayes. He clasped him warmly about the arm, and together, ushered by two stern Kentucky cops, they ducked through the service door and moved off into the night.

The next afternoon Alcindor came to Hayes's hotel room, and they wandered off down 4th Street, looking for a pair

of sunglasses for Lew. Easter shoppers—a large number wearing frightful pink hair curlers that set back the image of Kentucky womanhood several years, not to mention a Stephen Foster melody or two—had the nerve to stare to such an extent that the two big men settled for a visit to a record shop, where each bought to his taste. Alcindor: Cannonball Adderley; Hayes: the Supremes. Then they returned to Hayes's room, where the talk turned back to basketball. Alcindor, absolutely unmoved by his friend's public criticism, promised to follow Hayes's advice and build himself up with weights. Lew, tacitly acknowledging the wisdom of Guy Lewis's game plan, encouraged Hayes to go to the basket even more.

At just about this time, a block away, Coach Mickey Donohue called his Dayton team together to talk of UCLA. Donohue, whose Irish green eyes cut through a face that looks as if it once belonged to Wendell Corey, was nervous. Here was his team, unranked and untroubled by fame all year, suddenly about to play for the national title. The night before, behind May, the Flyers had upset North Carolina 76-62. Dayton trailed 9-2 when Donohue substituted Gilder Torain and Torain fired up the team's performance on the boards. May did the rest. At 13-13 he had eight points and so did Larry Miller of North Carolina. Thereafter Miller made five, May 26, and eventually Miller himself had to sacrifice his offensive potential to start handling May.

With neither Miller nor his running mate Bob Lewis hitting, the Carolina attack shifted underneath to big Rusty Clark in the second half. Again and again he scored over the 6'6" Torain. But May's magnificent game continued, and as it became clear that Dayton would win, a good many people began to wonder: if Clark could score like this, how in the world could the Flyers even hope to stop Alcindor the next night?

Donohue, a varsity coach for only three years, would be playing for the championship with a team that had lost to the likes of Niagara and had been cut to pieces twice by Louisville. A few weeks before, just after the Flyers had taken their 13th victory, Donohue had wistfully said: "Only one more to go." Someone asked what that meant. "One more

for 14," he said. "They always say if you win 14 they can't fire you. It guarantees you'll be over .500." Now, Saturday, the one more to go was for the national title. Donohue chewed two toothpicks at once. He had gone to bed at 5:30 but by 7:30 was awake, tense and staring.

As it turned out, Dayton held Alcindor reasonably well, but there were mismatches all over the court and expectable gaps in the Flyers' defense. Sophomore Dan Sadlier played against Alcindor, and Sadlier is 6'6". He received help, and that's how the gaps showed. Afterward, the UCLA players said with admiration, and not at all patronizingly, that Dayton was as well coached a team as they had faced. But it had taken five and a half minutes for Dayton to score and it was 20-4 soon after. It was 70-46 when Wooden graciously removed Alcindor and Warren with 5:17 still left, and there was a 29-point spread (76-47) just after Allen, the last Bruin starter, went to the bench.

Kenny Hentz sighed. "We're not very popular, are we?" he asked. He had been booed and cursed early in the game when May had suddenly fallen to the floor, holding his face, after Hentz had dashed by, arm out, trying to block his shot. Hentz insists he did not touch May. May says Hentz hit him with his elbow, but emphasizes it was clearly unintentional. Nevertheless, all the frustrations of dealing with UCLA, of seeing the Bruins win so effortlessly, poured out on Kenny Hentz, who wears glasses and is skinny and is an honors student who wants to go to Harvard Law School.

"You know," he said, only half kidding, "we're even starting to feel hurt. We are not a bully team at all. You practically have to smash Lew in the mouth before he gets tough." He shrugged. "Oh well," he added, "I'm learning to understand these things. I used to root for all the underdogs myself. Now I'm a big fan of Green Bay and Muhammad Ali. See, I even call him by the right name. We all have to stick together."

Besides not being loved, Coach Wooden has an additional problem. This was his third national title in the last four years and he has given a championship watch to each of his two grandsons. He's already run out of grandsons and Alcindor is only a sophomore.

END

Alcindor is greeted by Coach John Wooden and teammate Kenny Hentz as he leaves the final game with five minutes left and victory assured.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB CLARKSON AND NEIL LEIFER



Winning three races in the season's final week at Jackson Hole, Canada's Nancy Greene (above right) accepts congratulations from Marielle Goitschel, whom she beat to become the world's best girl skier **by BOB OTTUM**

A LITTLE TIGER TAKES THE CUP

Ski racing seasons usually sink slowly in the West, but last week cut in Wyoming the whole thing ended in a high-forenoon showdown that may have been the wildest thing since cowboys and Indians. It sent everybody into summer with a sudden premonition that 1968—the Olympic year—is not necessarily the exclusive property of the French.

All this happened at an affair called the Wild West Classic at Jackson Hole, Wyo., a kind of rodeo on skis staged high on the side of a craggy 10,445-foot mountain. And although Jean-Claude Killy reestablished the fact that he is the world's greatest skier, it required the last event of the meet—and of the season—to decide which of three strong girls would win the World Cup, stretch-pants division.

In the end it was Nancy Greene—who has blue eyes, a Twiggy haircut and the instincts of a Canadian Mountie (her teammates call her "Tiger")—who won the cup by beating out two more favorably placed opponents.

Nancy started in what seemed an impossible position, ranked behind Marielle Goitschel and Anette Farnö, the most formidable act in ski racing today. To win she had to beat them both, not to mention everybody else on the mountain and a case of nerves that threatened to send her yipping off into the nearest snowbank instead of down the hill. But a few nerves never really bothered a tiger. She won both heats of the giant slalom and then the slalom, chased so closely by Marielle that they ended up .07 second apart. When it was all over,

a 125-pound Canadian was suddenly the best girl skier in the world, and the first break had appeared in the French armor.

The brainchild of Serge Lang, a large, lumpy ski writer for France's sports newspaper *L'Équipe*, he borrowed the idea from Grand Prix automobile racing—the World Cup has become, in its first year, the symbol of ski supremacy. Lang was as surprised as anyone that his idea caught on, and he went through the season looking alternately bewildered and solemn, keeping scores on ragged little pieces of paper and in a battered black notebook he carried in his parka.

The scoring system is complicated (SI, March 20) and will probably be touched up a little in years to come. Killy, as everyone knows, won the men's cup easily, but the women's race

came to Wyoming with all the aspects of a showdown at the O.K. Corral. Marielle Götschel had a total of 169 points in Lang's black book. Annie Farnose had 158 points, and Nancy Greene was still within striking distance with 151. At that point the shooting began.

Jackson Hole, in its second season as a ski area, was up to the occasion. Racing officials gave the team members from nine nations \$3.50 white cowboy hats, and within an hour had taught everybody to squint and say, "Howdy." They staged a rodeo in the spring mud and provided real live western horses for the racers to ride between events.

Jackson Hole is located in a 48-mile-long, six-mile-wide valley in the Teton Range, where jagged peaks are reminiscent of the Alps. Area Operators Paul McCollister and Alex Morley have put in 24 trails around the 13 bowls and eight ridges. A cable car runs to the peak of a mountain so big that during Friday's races it was snowing at the top, clouds were wrapped around the middle and the bottom was washed in bright sunshine. Killy called it the best ski mountain he has seen in America.

Snaking off the top is a 3,275-foot vertical-drop run that could be the trickiest, fastest downhill in the U.S. But race officials decided not to hold a downhill, because changeable spring snow conditions made the course too risky, what with the Olympics coming up next year. Two days of giant slalom were scheduled instead, with the climactic slalom set for Sunday.

Killy put aside his cowboy hat—the one given him was black, an implication that unhappily escaped the French—and went right to work. On Friday's first section of the giant slalom he careened down through the trees onto a comfortable first spot, ahead of Austria's Werner Bleiner and America's Jimmy Heuga. In the Saturday section, with a time edge, he ran the course easily, legs together in a fashionable but un-Killylike stance. He placed third behind teammate Georges Mauduit and Austria's Karl Schranz—neither of whom had even finished the first race. In the combined giant slalom standings Heuga was just behind Killy—for the fourth time in three weeks. Jimmy had not looked so good since the 1964 Olympics. Had Jean-Claude lost his first

race in America? Not exactly. His combined time for the two runs was the thing he had aimed for. Then, finally, the weary star of the show did lose on Sunday, when he hooked a ski in a slalom gate and fell. Austria's Herbert Huber won the men's slalom.

But it was the women's race that was getting the attention. Back to that black book for a moment. Nancy Greene had already collected her maximum 75 World Cup points for giant slalom and faced a challenge of a different order. She had to win to keep Marielle and Annie out of first place, thus setting them up for the kill in the slalom, in which she had only 40 points and could therefore increase her total by 25. Marielle and Annie each had 70 slalom points and could add only five to their totals.

Two of the brightest dashes of the season brought Nancy her giant slalom victories. Surging down the course, she ticked the gates with the heels of her skis, and at one point changed her mind in mid-air. Coming off a high bump overlooking the 11 western states, she took a gate reverse style. "I saw it coming up and I was too high," she said, "and I quickly thought about it and figured what the hell and went through it backward." And was she excited about the prospect of winning the World Cup? "The cup is sort of a bonus," she said. "The race is what counts."

By Sunday morning Nancy wasn't the only one in Jackson Hole aware of tension. Marielle had collected three additional points for her fourth place in the giant slalom combined. Austria's Erika Schinegger had taken second and Annie Farnose was back in fifth spot. Easter dawned cold and snowy, and the slalom course had turned overnight into a burlesque runway made of solid ice. The women huddled at the top in parkas and warm-up pants, quickly stripped down to slalom gear and raced as though they were freezing. America's Rosie Fortna made it through four gates and spilled icily. Penny McCoy, starting 12th, made it a little farther.

Then Nancy, in the 13th spot, showed what exercise will do for a girl. Before breakfast she had done 50 sit-ups, 50 deep knee bends and 15 push-ups. She came off the mountain in the season's best form, her skis making slashing

sounds across the ice that could be heard all over the valley.

"This is the spot I want," she said at the bottom, coolly surveying the hill. At the end of the first run Florence Steurer of France was first, Nancy second and Marielle third.

"I never get nervous between runs," Nancy confided, calmly biting her fingernails to the quick, pulling off her plastic boots and wriggling her toes. "You see, now that I know what the ice is like, I can run a little faster next time."

She did just that, rasping down in the mist and slashing to a stop. "This is the roughest part," she said, "waiting for the results." Then Marielle came down, looking huge and fast, and they looked at each other with tentative smiles. It was all over. Nancy had won everything available at the meet and had beaten Marielle for the World Cup, 176 points to 172. Annie Farnose had 158.

They embraced and Marielle soberly kissed Nancy, then wheeled and skied away, straight through the gates and down to the lodge.

The Wild West World Cup silver-spurs cowboy-hat classic was a fitting end to a hectic ski year. Anyone handicapping next year's Olympics would still have to pick Killy and his sking circus as favorites—but hardly such insurmountable ones as before.

"We are trying to copy the French now, because the French are winning," said Nancy. "And at last we are on to them. The Americans and the Canadians have been overanalyzing. They train in stages. They get overense, and they are all psyched by the French. But no more. We are going to become bashers—we need more bashers like the French."

Heuga agreed, wearing the confident look of the new Heuga. "From now on," he said, "I'm going to be as relaxed as Killy and the rest of the Frenchmen. Boy, when I think of running 10 miles a day in training and then racing on the same day! And you know where Killy is? He is already in condition and he is in bed sleeping while we are all overtraining. That's where he is."

Nancy cried a little and laughed a little simultaneously and assumed her new role as a world-beater. That little psyched racer named Nancy had turned into a pretty big Tiger. END

STANFORD'S BIG NEW SPLASH

Gregory Buckingham is tall, dark, handsome and, suddenly, a star of American swimming. In the NCAA title meet his record-breaking victories lifted the Indians above strong Southern California and Indiana **by KIM CHAPIN**

Last Saturday's breakfast was not a happy meal for the Indiana University swimming coach, Dr. James Counsilman. It was the morning of the third and final day of the NCAA championships, and things were going badly for the usually well-stocked Hoosiers. "Our drivers are doing fine, of course," he said grumpily, "but, outside of a couple of standouts, we don't have the swimmers. Stanford has all the stars, and Southern Cal isn't going to win an event, but they're nickeling and diming both of us to death."

Dr. Counsilman was wrong. The live-and-diners had their moments in the meet at Michigan State, but in the end Counsilman and Southern California's Peter Daland were both dollored to defeat by the shiniest new coin out of Stanford's mint.

His name is Gregory F. Buckingham, and he suddenly is the dominant swimming personality in the U.S.—quite possibly the world, as well. Not accidentally, Stanford is the new NCAA champion, breaking into the cozy club to which only Michigan, Ohio State, Yale and Southern California have belonged since the NCAA began keeping track of such things way back in 1937.

Buckingham, a wanderer who attended San Jose State and San Mateo Junior College before landing at Palo Alto, won two individual events, the 200- and 500-yard freestyles. Then he anchored Stanford's triumphant 800-yard freestyle relay team with an amazingly swift clutch performance in the meet's last event, assuring the Indians the team title over the Trogans and the Hoosiers. He set American records of 1:41.3 in the 200 and 4:37.0 in the 500 and shared in the unprecedented 6:54.5 for the relay, overshadowing not only that benedictized Olympian, Don Schollander of Yale, but also stars of the magnitude of Michigan's Carl Robie.

Buckingham grins in Michigan State pool after victory over Yale Olympian Don Schollander.



Buckingham also could have won a contest for the most memorable name had it not been for the presence of one Zach Zorn, a UCLA sophomore. It was a sad Zach who won the 50-yard freestyle. "So I won," Zach shrugged. "I wanted the record, and I wasn't within two-tenths of it."

The surprising thing is that until three years ago nobody, except a few people in the Bay Area, had ever heard of Buckingham. At Menlo-Atherton High School he had been an All-America swimmer, but his scrapbook was thin. He was not a prodigy (he is actually older than Schollander by a few months), did not come up through the well-publicized age-group swimming programs, as have so many Olympic and national record-holders, and he had a tendency not to train very seriously.

Then he sought out George Haines, coach of the Santa Clara Swim Club and the developer of Schollander, Steve Clark and Donna de Varona. The encounter took place in the locker room of the Santa Clara High School. "I went to George and said I wanted to swim for him," Buckingham said. "I didn't know it at the time, but Schollander was in the room and quickly left. He told me later that he couldn't bear to be around when George told me no."

Well, George said yes, and the second son of a California coffee packer was on his way. "I owe my whole life to Haines," Buckingham said.

Buckingham is 21 and dark-skinned, with sparkling blue eyes, scraggly sideburns and, except for a heavy intake of protein supplements and wheat germ, is reasonably normal in his habits. The only thing kooky about Greg is his exuberance over swimming. In this age of kid champions a man of 21 should be judged and near retirement.

"I think I have an advantage over a lot of the other guys," he explained. "Swimmers like Schollander have been competing for years at the top. You can take it physically, but after awhile it burns you out mentally. I'm even looking forward to the day when I can give it up."

Buckingham's greatest moment at East Lansing came in the 200-yard freestyle Friday night, when he defeated Schollander—for the first time in his life at any distance—and took Schol-

lander's American record to boot. (Because the meet was held over a short, or 25-yard, course, no world records could be set; these must be established in a 50-meter pool.) "That last length was like a dream," Buckingham said. "I knew when we came out of the last turn I had him. When I first met Don three years ago I was awed. He was way up here and I was way down there, but I found out he's human after all."

Schollander has the reputation of setting a relatively slow pace through the first 100 yards, then going all out in the next 50 and burning out the competition. "In earlier races," Buckingham said, "I'd let him set the pace. When he'd make his bid all I could do was say, 'There he goes.' This time I set my own pace, and it worked."

Buckingham's emergence eclipsed several other outstanding individual performances. His Stanford teammate and an Olympic veteran, Dick Roth, won both individual medleys and had a hand in the 800-yard freestyle relay victory. Ken Merten of Southern Methodist took both breaststroke events, wiping out records set by Indiana's Chet Jastrzemski back in the dark age of swimming, which by today's standards is approximately four years ago. And Charlie Hickey of Indiana won both backstroke events from Michigan State's formidable Gary Dilley, heretofore undefeated in collegiate meets.

Schollander, although he was fighting two recent flu attacks, was nevertheless disappointed that he failed to win anything. But for real low-down misery one could not surpass North Carolina State's Steve Rerych, the 6'7" freestyle sprinter who had hoped to win two races (SI, March 27). Rerych got a bad start, made a worse turn and finished sixth in the 50. He was eighth in the 100. At the start of his leg in the 400-yard freestyle relay he jumped too soon and got his team disqualified. "It's been a damned lousy week," said Rerych.

And for two of the meet's three days it looked as if Southern Cal might buy its dime-store victory. History was on the Trojans' side. Southern Cal had tied Stanford in their only dual meet of the season, and in the conference meet just three weeks ago the Trojans overwhelmed the Indians by more than 60 points. The Trojans, of course, were the

defending national champions, and although the individual stars of the past were absent, Southern Cal could count on tremendous depth in every event. After the first two races, in fact, Coach Jim Gaughran of Stanford must have wondered what the whole thing was about. Buckingham won the 500-yard freestyle and Roth won the 200-yard individual medley but there was Southern Cal ahead by three points. The next night Roth pulled down his second medley win, and sophomore Peter Siebert finished fifth, but SC had five finishers in the top 12 and a five-point edge.

Going into the meet's concluding 800-yard relay, Stanford led by only 243-234 and faced a Southern Cal relay team that had set an American record in qualifying trials that afternoon. If SC won, Stanford needed at least third place to win the NCAA title by a point, and when Buckingham took over for his 200-yard leg, it looked as if that was exactly what would happen. Southern Cal had a one-length lead, and Buckingham had not had much rest after an exhausting 1,650-yard grind earlier in the afternoon. "I was dead tired," he said, "but we had come so far I was determined not to lose." In the last 50 yards Buckingham pulled even with SC's Bill Johnson and actually won going away with a brilliant last leg of 1:40.8. The time was half a second faster than that of his victory over Schollander in the 200 the night before.

Almost immediately after the relay Buckingham was experiencing his first real autograph party, and all 18 Stanford swimmers, plus one very wet Jim Gaughran—who had been tossed into the pool—were sporting T shirts that read: STANFORD U 1967 NCAA SWIMMING CHAMPIONS, the optimistic gift of William Lee of Palo Alto, a swimming outfielder and Stanford baseballer back in 1942.

"We had these made up three weeks ago," Lee said. "It was a calculated risk. Nobody would ever have seen them if we hadn't won."

Greg Buckingham didn't exactly specify the retirement date he was looking forward to. Chances are, though, that the chief instrument of Stanford's dollar diplomacy will be legal tender at least until after the Mexico City Olympics next year. **END**



Joe Spurna, a disappointment last year, throws hard as Coach Johnny Sain watches closely.

DETROIT'S REFRAIN IS MAYO AND SAIN

Detroit had a bewildering season in 1966, but now, under a new manager and a shrewd coaching staff, the hard-hitting Tigers are acting like a team that intends to win the American League pennant **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Three weeks ago Joe Spurna, a 25-year-old pitcher for the Detroit Tigers, stood on the mound at Tinker Field in Orlando, Fla. and got ready to throw his first pitch of the spring exhibition schedule. A good year from Joe Spurna—who won only two games last season after winning 13 in 1965—can mean an awful lot toward bringing the Tigers their first American League pennant in 22 long, frustrating seasons, and Detroit's new manager, Mayo Smith, was not the only member of the team waiting to see what would happen. Spurna looked in, took his sign from the catcher and threw. What happened, in Joe's words, "is what Harmon Killebrew gets paid \$70,000 a year to do and I get paid \$15,000 a year to try to stop."

After that homer Spurna settled down, and last week he turned in his third excellent performance in four tries, making the world-champion Baltimore Orioles look inept by holding them to two hits in five innings. To Tiger fans, it was a sign to strike up the band.

Detroit was involved in none of the many major trades in the off season, yet few teams in recent years have changed as drastically from spring training to spring training. Besides Mayo Smith, there is a complete new set of coaches, all experienced specialists. To correct some recent, grievous infield problems, there is Tony Caccinello, an infield coach in the majors for 18 straight seasons. 14 of them under Al Lopez. Lopez' infielders might have made errors, but they seldom made dumb plays that gave games away. To solve the pitching problems, Johnny Sain came riding into camp on his big white horse, and Sain is the man who erased similar problems with the Minnesota Twins, helping them to first- and second-place finishes the two years he was there. Sain brought with him Hal Naragon, an ex-catcher with a good baseball mind. In 1965, when Twin Manager Sam Mele was suspended and everyone assumed that Billy Martin would be appointed acting manager, Mele merely pointed at Naragon and said, "You." Hitting is one area in which the Tigers have excelled, but Mayo Smith brought Wally Moses with him, anyway. Moses has the reputation of being the best man in the game at getting hitters out of slumps, some of which had extended over a period of years.

What the Tigers are doing, of course, is brain-trusting. They seem to have everything else. In May of last year it looked as if Detroit might prove to be the strong team of the American League, or at the very least a real challenge to Baltimore's drive for the championship. But Manager Charley Dressen suffered a heart attack, left the team in May and died in August. His replacement, sad-eyed Bob Swift, became ill and had to leave the team in July; he died of cancer after the season was over. Swift was replaced by Frank Skaff, and on the next-to-the-last day of the season the floundering Tigers lost second place. "As a team," says Pitcher Hank Aguirre, "we were like a boat with a good wind behind us but no sail. Each of the managers ran the team his own way, which is natural, but we could never get accustomed to anything. And Charley's death and Swift's illness got to us emotionally. We were bewildered." Even so, Detroit managed to win 88 games.

This spring the Tigers' attitude and their devotion to work is extraordinary. Dick McAuliffe, the All Star shortstop who is being shifted to second base to tighten the defense, says, "I've been with Detroit for six seasons, and for the first time everything is absolute business." Yet the change in approach has not produced a cold bureaucracy. The coaches dress with the players: Sain with the pitchers, Cucinello with the infielders, Naragon with the catchers, and Moses walks around talking to anyone who looks as if he might want to pick up a bat. Often the players find themselves showing up for special instruction at 8:30 in the morning, surprisingly enough at their own request. One morning, with the dew still heavy on the grass, Al Kalline was in the batting nets getting help from Moses. Asked why, Kalline smiled. "I've been in the majors for 14 years," he said, "and I want to know what it's like to play in a World Series."

But the key coach in the new Tiger setup is Sain. "What I try to do," Sain explains, "is look at a pitcher and wonder how I can work with him. I ask myself 'How could I improve if I were that fellow?' I try to sell him on finding a method of improving by using both his ideas and mine. The thing to do is encourage pitchers to discuss pitching all the time among themselves and with hitters. I'm proud that pitchers like Jim

Bouton, Al Downing, Whitey Ford, Jim Grant, Jim Perry and Jim Kaat have said that I helped them a great deal, but I have learned more from them than they have from me."

Sain keeps a notebook on his pitchers, with a grading system of poor, fair, good and excellent. "If you don't keep looking at the book," he says, "over a period of time you will remember only the excellent performances, and you will be unfair to the staff as a whole. Their positions change all the time as to who is the best starting pitcher at the moment, or who is the best stopper *now* when he is needed. Many times after a pitcher works I will ask him to grade himself or have the pitchers grade each other. Then I will tell them how I graded them. That way each individual is working to be No. 1."

Probably the best example of the success of Sain's grading system was the case of Jim Perry of Minnesota in 1965. Perry was ranked 11th on the Twin staff, but as Sain kept working with him his position in the order steadily rose. He became No. 1 just at the time Camilo Pascual, Minnesota's ace, was sidelined with a shoulder ailment, and Perry won seven games and lost only one in this most desperate situation. As much as anything else, Perry—and Sain—helped the Twins sail serenely away with the American League championship.

Sain's first job as a pitching coach lasted less than a full season. He quit the Kansas City Athletics in August of 1959 and returned to his home in Walnut Ridge, Ark., where he has a Chevrolet agency, an auto-parts store and a farm. When Ralph Houk was named manager of the Yankees in 1961 Sain came back into baseball as Houk's pitching coach. In their three years together New York won 309 games, three pennants and two World Series.

After Yogi Berra was named to replace Houk as manager, Sain left the Yankees. He says now, "I considered Yogi a friend and I still do, but I could not foresee him as a manager. I priced myself out of business by demanding a two-year contract at a big salary, which I knew that the Yankees would not meet." Following a year's layoff, he signed on at Minnesota. The Twins and Sain parted company last fall. "There was a lack of communication between Mele and myself," Sain says. "We withdrew from

each other. I didn't understand Sam, and he didn't understand me. I like to level with the pitchers and let them know that I am for them, but this was not possible for me under Mele." During certain periods in the 1966 season Sain and Mele communicated only by notes carried by Naragon. When Sain and Naragon left and were signed by the Tigers, Jim Kaat, Minnesota's 25-game winner, blasted both Owner Calvin Griffith and Mele in an open letter to Twin fans.

There are those who maintain that Sain is too independent, too protective of his pitchers. Sain flies his own airplane, and cynics say that John eventually wants his own air force, made up entirely of pitchers. Yet the record that the Minnesota staff compiled under Sain is ample evidence of his ability to teach. He does have that knack of taking over a staff and getting the utmost in performance and loyalty from it. Early in January he had a talk with Aguirre, whose record of 14-10 in 1965 slid to 3-9 last season. "He's got me doing things with a ball that I never did before," Aguirre says. "To me, the remarkable thing is that he will go out to the mound and actually throw, so that you see right there that what he is teaching works."

Many of the Tiger pitchers have already picked up Sain's hard curve. "I didn't know if I could learn it or not," Joe Spina said. "I met Sain in Puerto Rico, where I was pitching winter ball, and he said, 'I've got a pitch I'd like you to think about. You don't have to use it. It's up to you.'" Spina used it, and over the last 49 innings in winter ball he gave up only two earned runs. After his impressive performance last week against Baltimore, Spina tried to explain what pitching for Sain was like and how it felt to have the Sain hard curve work so successfully.

"Just imagine," he said, "that you were in college and you noticed day after day that one of your professors gave a special look to girls in class. When it came time to write the term paper you'd sure enough try to get something about love in it, wouldn't you? You'd know he was interested in that, and so are you. It's the same way with Sain and that pitch. We are watching this professor." Smith, Sain, Cucinello, Moses, Naragon and that little bit of love may just make the American League go round this year. **RND**

AFTER MUHAMMAD, A GRAVEYARD

The heavyweight champion won an interesting fight against an aging but surprisingly worthy challenger. Now Ali's clouded future raises the possibility that the ring soon may be deprived of its most colorful figure **by MARK KRAM**

The little sport from the West, 12 years old, whey-faced, hat on his knee, tie in place, hair slicked down, sat on the wooden bench next to the heavyweight who was now just a truck driver from Arizona. The kid's eyes were red, and he would not look at the fighter, who kept glancing out of the corners of his eyes at the son of his manager. Outside, in the dark corridor, a lightweight was howling. "Why do ya huns always fall over for that bum?" Zora Folley was not listening. He was listening to the sound of a dream dying.

"What I tell ya, what I tell ya?" the trainer, Johnny Hart, kept saying. "It was his right hand that ruined us. I warned him about Clay's right. I said double safety. Get out. Move back in a hurry when Clay gets set. Folley didn't do it. It was that simple."

The kid, Will Swift, had had enough. His face turned up at Folley, and his eyes were wet. "It's unfair," he said. "Clay cheats. That was no way for poor Zora to lose. That's not the way a prizefight should go. Clay confused Zora, flapping his hands, dancing and just doing crazy things. Poor Zora. I hate Clay. No, I don't know it's wrong. Clay is a great champion."

Folley was silent. Soon he put on his long, gray overcoat. While Muhammad Ali, with the Muslim guard prancing in front of him and shouting, "Out the way, get out"—entered the Midtown Motor Inn across from the Garden, Zora Folley departed like an old, humble preacher leaving a gospel tent. He faded into the darkness of Eighth Avenue, a street of no faces and no names, where already the scramblers and the ramblers, and the drifters and grifters, who did not have the price to get inside, were yawning that one Zora Folley was just another stiff for a bigmouth draft dodger.

Some critics came at you with the same pitch the next day, but the fact is—unless one was looking at Ursula Andress all night—Folley had nothing to apologize for. Even his "heart," which was quite suspect before the bout, stood up. He made the best fight he could, and it stands as one of the more interesting fights Ali has had. Age (he's 34 and had been in 85 bouts) and cautious—his reluctance to vary, even slightly, the style that had given him 40 knock-outs—hurt Folley. He was also beaten by a patient, disciplined and "scientific" performance, which Ali had promised Folley just because he was such a "civilized, respectable" man.

Still, Folley did accomplish some things. He cut the ring down on Ali. He hit the champion more often than any other opponent with solid right hands and slip jabs. He did not panic when Ali got cute and, faking and feinting, he forced Ali to miss several good punches. On the negative side—besides being knocked out, he obstinately clung to one stratagem; while moving to his right, he kept looking to throw a right-hand counter. It did not take Ali long to learn that he could go in flat-footed and ram home his good right hand, which so many people doubt he possesses.

It is also a popular opinion that Ali just played with Folley the first two



Directed to a neutral corner, Ali squares over the kneeling figure of Folley, a new believer.

rounds, but it is more likely that he was measuring Folley's reactions and the strength of his punches. It wasn't until the third round that Ali began working. His straight left hands—not his jab—kept snapping Folley's head back, and these were the punches that started Folley on his way out. At the end of the third round, Ali told his corner that Folley had begun to tire, that his punches had lost some of their life.

In the fourth, Ali, now punching flat-footed, spun Folley around with a left hook and then banged a right hand in back of his ear. Folley went down; he was flat on his stomach, and then suddenly he was up, his nose streaming blood, and he was kneeling and looking to his corner for the count. Folley raged back, but he had left too much of himself on the floor. Ali, it appeared, carried Folley in the fifth and sixth rounds, but going into the seventh Herbert Muhammad, his manager, told him to "stop playin'." He did. Two rights, the first of

which traveled roughly six inches, gave Ali his 29th straight victory and his ninth successful title defense, and sent Folley back to the anonymity in which he has long labored—and seems to prefer.

Back on his feet and alert, Folley began looking for his son Junior. The boy was brought into the ring, and he looked at his father and then he glanced down at his shoes.

"Come over here!" Ali ordered the boy. "Don't be ashamed. I know you are disappointed, but your father put up a good fight. He's a good fighter, a slick, scientific boxer, and if we'd met 10 years ago things might have been different."

Ali, indeed, had been exceptionally decent to Folley, so much so that the fight lacked character. Each of his fights, of course, always seems to present Ali as a brilliant maverick and his opponent as a mere instrument for his will and artistry, but each has always had a distinct current running through it. Ernie Terrell was the self-seeking Uncle Tom. In the European fights Ali was the noble, misunderstood black prince in exile. Against Cleveland Williams he was the old, uncomplicated colored boy from Louisville, full of quiet charm and fun. For Folley, who had no desire to engage in blather or even mock animus, Ali was just a fighter. The gate was plainly in danger, until the draft board requested Ali to appear for induction on April 11. That same day he began to create the character dramatization that rescued the box office.

"This may be the last chance," he said, "to see Muhammad Ali in living color, so if you have always been wanting to see me you'd better come to the Garden." Later he said: "Perhaps in one to three years I will fight again." The "one to three" seemed to indicate he would choose a jail sentence to military service. He would not disclose his decision, but his hints were cleverly camouflaged. "My life, my death, all my sacrifices," said Ali, who has a curious bent toward martyrdom, "are for Allah. I am the tool of Allah and because of my sacrifice it will come out that hundreds of Muslims are in jail rather than fight in the Army. Or even just to go into the service."

It is likely that Ali will not fight in

the near future; already, in an effort not to antagonize the government, he has canceled his May 27 fight with Oscar Bonavena in Tokyo. His lawyer, Hayden Covington, originally believed that the course of appeals would take at least a year, but his appeal on the grounds that Ali is a Muslim minister and conscientious objector has been refused. Covington's latest maneuver—the suit against the draft board contending there is a lack of Negro representation and therefore existing prejudice—is no more than a delaying action. Covington believes he will win in the courts on the question of Ali's minister-objector claim, but this will come only after he reports for induction, which could be in May in Houston. No one is sure he will report. If he fails to do so, he will go to jail and Covington will get him out on bond until the issue is decided.

Whatever the outcome, Ali is and has been a gifted champion. Yet polemics and debate precede and follow each of his fights, and the judgments, usually discrediting, are frequently colored by personal distaste. Even among boxing people, who accept any behavior short of having their wallets lifted, Ali is anathema, and they, like much of the press, couch their prejudices with tiresome criticisms: Ali can't punch, Ali can't take a punch, and, anyway, everyone he fights is just a pug who would be knocked down by a spring wind.

I fight people just refuse to accept him, and he seemed to know it when he spoke at boxing's annual testimonial to itself several days before the fight.

Only a few remained on the dais and their heads, attached to broken noses and long cigars, hung down or to the sides, the eyes occasionally rolling at the intense verbal bonhomie and idiosyncrasy straining the room, the dinner, it was obvious, had quickly become the party scene in *Little Caesar*, the one where Rico is given a gold watch for his banditry and sparkling handwork with a chopper. But the star of this show had left, taking with him only the night and leaving behind the one provocative line of the evening, "After I go," said Muhammad Ali, "boxing will go to the graveyard."

Will Swift, despite his hurt, could believe that. When will boxing? **END**



**PART 2 / A HARD RIDE
ALL THE WAY**

**BY BILL HARTACK
WITH WHITNEY TOWER**

**MY
FEUDS
WITH
OFFICIALS
AND THE
PRESS**



There's always been a great deal of talk about my arrogance and my resentment of authority. I guess I make an issue out of it. After I'd been riding about a year and a half and had lost the bug, I was back at Charles Town and there was a steward there named Snooks Winters, and Snooks was about as tough a steward as there ever was. He absolutely made up his own mind, and that's exactly how it had to be.

The thing that really bugged me was an incident involving Junie Corbin, who had never had a black mark against him—he was always on time to the paddock, and I don't recall him ever having a fine. He had never done anything that I could say was dishonest. He liked to gamble, but not a great sum. If he really liked a horse he'd put \$50 on him, which isn't a hockuva lot of money if you like a horse and you're training him.

I won a race for him on a horse called Spring Lark. When the urine or saliva test came back, it was positive—the horse was hopped. Now this steward, Snooks, had known Junie Corbin for I don't know how many years, because he raced around there all the time. Junie felt real bad because the test was positive and we had no idea who did it. One shady character had been hanging around our barn area, and I remember seeing him talking to our groom. He was the only person around who could possibly have done that thing, but there was no way you could prove it.

Junie came up to me and said, "Well, the only thing I have going for me is that Winters knows that I have never done anything wrong. When it comes time for the hearing before the racing commission, Winters will certainly speak up for me." Then he added, "I want you to be in the jocks' room. The investigation will be held after the races. I want you to be on hand so that you can testify in my behalf also."

So they had the hearing. I waited in the jocks' room and wasn't about to try to walk into the hearing. I sat there waiting for someone to call me in the jocks' room for an hour after the races were over. No one ever called me. And finally, when there was no one around anymore, I left and went home. I called Junie, and he said the hearing was over and that he got six months. I said, "You got six months! For what?" He replied, "Because when I went into the stewards' office all they did was tell me to prove that I didn't hop the horse. How could I prove it? If I thought he was hopped, I wouldn't have run him."

So I was hot. I was absolutely hot. This was, I think, on a Saturday night, and I was really flipping. Junie was absolutely sick because he was suspended for six months. No way in the world to make a livelihood. The next morning I was sitting in a restaurant having breakfast when Snooks and a man from the *Daily Racing Form* came in and I flipped my lid. There must have been 30 or 40 people in the



INFURIATING SPORTSWRITERS After he won the 1964 Kentucky Derby, Harlick signed autographs for more than half an hour (left); he fore he submitted to the customary jockeys'-room interview (right)

© 1987 Time Inc. A. A. G. photographing

restaurant, including my father and sister, and I had it out with Snooks for about 15 minutes. He got hot, too, and he started hollering back at me, and I guess it went round and round. On Monday they called me into the stewards' rooms. The funny part about it was that I had to hold up the first race for about 15 minutes because they were grilling me so long. A second steward in there wanted to remove me from my horses that very same day for not using respect to Mr. Winters. So they practically had me that time. One of the things that Snooks said was, "Why are you defending this man? Why are you sticking your nose into something that isn't your business?" I said, "Well, that man is my business—that man's been like a father to me. I'm defending him because he didn't do anything wrong. And why shouldn't I defend him? I have a right to defend him." We then got into why I hadn't been called into the hearing, and they said they looked for me but couldn't find me. I said, "Don't lie to me. You're not kidding anybody. You didn't call me for one minute." The second steward absolutely jumped down my throat. "Who do you think you are?" he said. "Don't you know stewards deserve respect?" I said, "What did the stewards ever do for me? Did the stewards ever give me clothes? Did the stewards ever give me something to eat? Did the stewards ever give me a job? You're telling me how great the stewards are. What did they ever do for me?" This man Corbin took me from nothing and made me something and you expect me to back down on his behalf?"

That was one of my first battles with authority. The only time I battled with them is when I knew they were wrong. And they were. When my boss had to take that suspension it really hurt him bad—financially and mentally. After that he sold my contract for \$15,000 to the Ada L. Rice stable.

I believe in authority when authority is right, but when authority is wrong they should be man enough to admit it and they're often not man enough. When you prove they're wrong, that's the worst thing you can do, because then they hate you for the rest of your life. They're just waiting for one little situation to come up so they can really nail you to the cross. Yeah, racing is really wonderful at times. All in all, racing has been great. But I've put as much time and

effort into it as anybody. They didn't give me anything. I won everything that I got. I fought for it. I don't mind the competition. I don't mind it as long as it's fair. I'll stand on my own two feet as long as it's fair but, man, don't try to jam something down my throat that's wrong, and don't try to get me to compromise and say it's all right, 'cause if you do you're gonna get nothing. I don't care if I ruin myself.

There is a good deal of talk these days about things being done for the so-called "good of racing." In 1964, for example, Milo Valenzuela said he dropped his suit for the good of racing. That was really beautiful. What Milo is saying is, "Don't bring racing into headlines badly, because it will hurt racing." And that's so false, it's pathetic, because the only way you'll make racing good is to bring everything out in the open so the bad parts can be remedied.

[In September 1964 at Chicago's Arlington Park, Mrs. Mary Hecht, through her trainer, Les Lear, engaged Valenzuela to ride her good 2-year-old Sadar in the rich Arlington-Washington Futurity. Two days before the race, Jockey Bill Shoemaker's mount was sidelined by illness, and Trainer Lear, neglecting his obligation to Milo—who had taken himself off another mount in a stakes at Aqueduct in order to come to Arlington—signed Shoemaker on Sadar. Valenzuela appeared at Arlington to signify his willingness to stand by the agreement, but all he received for his journey was a customary losing jockey's fee and the added insult of being denied entry to the jock's room. After first threatening suit against Sadar's owner for breach of a verbal contract, Milo decided not to press charges. Shoemaker, meanwhile, won the Futurity, and with it a 10% cut of \$134,925.]

Valenzuela doesn't realize how much he hurt racing by not taking a stand. Maybe he wouldn't have won his case, and maybe I shouldn't knock him for dropping it, because that may have been the best thing for himself. But I'm criticizing him for dropping it and then using the "good of racing" as an excuse. That would be the same as saying, if you saw a jock holding a horse and could prove it or could attempt to prove it, "Well, we don't want to expose racing as crooked, because it would hurt the sport." Permitting this sort of thing to flourish without saying anything may

not hurt racing on the surface, but it really corrupts racing inside. And it really bugs me.

I still feel that an owner has a right to use whoever he wants to. But the way racing is today, with tracks all over the country, an owner who removes a rider at the last minute may be stopping that boy from riding a contender in some other stakes. There's got to be a strict rule covering this sort of situation. There's got to be.

I quit the Jockeys' Guild on account of this thing. It wasn't because of Shoemaker riding the horse, and it wasn't because of Valenzuela not riding the horse. But when Milo was trying to establish his case, and he had to be in the jock's room to show that he was there and ready to ride—they wouldn't allow him into the room. Now, if you're going to run an innocent man down the road and permit it to go by, then what the hell good is racing? I'm supposed to owe something to this outfit [the Guild] that allows something like this to go on? It could have been me, and then I would like to see somebody say, "What do you owe racing?" I'd have had a good answer for him. I'd have owed him a kick in the tail.

What is racing? Who is racing? There's not one person who is racing. Racing is everybody, everybody connected with the game. The Jockeys' Guild does not want to enter into any argument that will cause notoriety. The Guild wants to smooth everything over, to compromise. The executive manager, Bert Thompson, is not going to fight for the individual. He decides whether the individual's right or wrong and then takes a course of action. What right does he have to judge whether I'm right or wrong or whether Valenzuela is right or wrong? He's got no right. Valenzuela is paying him to represent his interests, and I'm paying him to represent my interests, so the two of us—and all members of the Guild—are partially paying his salary. When he represents me, he's my lawyer. That means that Bert Thompson is supposed to defend me as though I'm innocent until I'm proven guilty.

Who ever heard of a guy accused of a crime hiring a lawyer who says to him, "Look, I think you're guilty. You're paying me, but I think you're guilty and I'm going to defend you on that premise." Who ever heard of that? The way Bert Thompson runs things he decides

**You'd expect Pontiac
to come up with a nifty new sports car like this.**



Firebird Sprint



Firebird



Firebird HO



Firebird 326



Firebird 400

But did you expect five?

When you think about it, no single sports car can satisfy everybody. We thought about it. So now you have five choices. All excellent.

You want an economical fun car? Try *Firebird*, and swing with our regular-gas 165-hp Overhead Cam Six. You say you lean toward a family sportster? Lean on *Firebird 326* and you'll be moved by a 326 cubic inch V-8 that delivers 250 hp (yes, 250!) on regular.

Ah, you say, but the real you is a European-style road machine. Good. That's why we invented *Firebird Sprint*: special suspension, 3-speed floor shift and a 215-hp

version of the Overhead Cam. Our light heavyweight is entitled *Firebird HO*. It entitles you to things like dual exhausts, sports striping and a potent 285-hp V-8. And if you're looking for the ultimate in heroic driving, you get it in the *Firebird 400*, with 400 cubes of chromed V-8 that put out 325 hp without working up a sweat.

All five Firebirds share the same superb styling and interiors. And, of course, all come with the complete GM safety package. You say you're glad we think of everybody? Somebody has to.

Pontiac Motor Division



GM or GMCOBLES

The Magnificent Five are here!

Dacron...dark & dapper.

STERLING & HUNT gives you an all-important suit with an all-new look. A deep, rich-textured brown. Cut lean and clean with side vents, smartly squared shoulders.

Like the just-pressed look? It's in to stay. Because this cool tropical is 55% "Dacron", polyester, 45% worsted wool. And "Dacron" won't let it wrinkle or wilt!

Ask for a Sterling & Hunt suit with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry



himself whether you're innocent or not and then whether the Guild should defend you or not. And you're paying him!

Where was the Guild when I fought that fine down in Miami? Where was Bert Thompson when his representative, Nick Jemas, came to me and said, "Bill, we're not going to help you with this case, 'cause we think you're wrong." What happened was I got fined \$100 for not showing up for film-patrol movies the day after a foul claim. They never discussed it with me, and they fined me without even having a hearing with me. If I didn't pay that fine in 48 hours I faced an indefinite suspension until I did pay.

Nick Jemas is telling me that they decided I'm wrong and that I should just pay the fine and forget about it. He's going to tell me! If you go out and get an outside lawyer, the Guild won't work with him. They say, "You use us or you use a lawyer, but you can't have both of us." I took it to the racing commission. They upheld the fine. Then I took it to court, and the court made them pay me my money back, because they had fined me without a hearing. And then you know what you get after something like that? You get nothing but garbage out of them after that. They look at you like you're some kind of nut or something just because you proved them wrong. That's the worst thing in the world you can do. They're just waiting for you to try and get out of line so they can jam it down your throat.

You ought to be in front of a steward sometime as a jock. I've been there when a jock came in and tried to explain his part in a foul incident, and they're about to give him days. The jock stood up to defend himself, and the steward had nerve enough to say, "Sit down, I don't want to hear from you. One more word out of you and it's 20 days instead of 10." What kind of a hearing is this? And if you talk back to them it comes out in the papers that you're fighting authority.

When June Corbin got an offer for my contract from the Rice stable, trained by Tommy Kelly, he said to me, "I'll take the \$15,000 if it's all right with you." And I said, "June, go ahead. Tommy's all right." I realized the circumstances—he needed the money. So he sold me to Tommy, and the funny part about it was that Tommy Kelly filled in exactly where June left off. He was just as conscientious and, as far as being a father

was concerned, he was as good as anybody. I mean, I fit in very well with him. Very good relationship. I rode for him for a year and a half, until I became a free-lance rider.

I was extremely fortunate in transferring from the half-mile tracks to the big time—the mile tracks, the larger purses, the better riders and the better stables. Even while at the halfers, I had ridden some at Bowie and Pimlico, which helped me as far as people around the mile racetracks knowing me. I had won a 2-year-old stakes for the Chenery outfit, so when I was sold to Ada Rice the combination of being somewhat known and somewhat successful at the mile tracks kind of helped overcome that half-mile reputation. Plus the fact that Tommy Kelly had a very successful season. Pet Bully was one of the key horses that I rode, and he got me into the stakes-rider class. I think I won about six stakes on him that year. I think the fact that this horse was running so well, that I was new in the business and that at this time racing needed a new rider to come along—all three things shot me to the top in 1954.

The funny thing about it is that it is actually more difficult to ride the half-mile tracks than the mile tracks. I think the main thing that stops you from being good at the milers after you've been at the halfers is the fact that you get stamped with the half-mile reputation, and unless you defeat it immediately it's a tough thing to combat. There are lots of good jocks around the half-mile tracks. I'm not saying they're as good as what you have at the mile tracks, but I think there's plenty of them that have the potential to ride at the milers if they ever got that break. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Sammy Palumbo, for example, should be compared to the top five, but I consider him a lot better than plenty of jocks that I've ridden against on the mile tracks, then and now.

Of course, talking about getting a break, you're not guaranteed a break when you do anything. Things have to come natural or you have to have people who have faith in you. The fortunate part about it for me was—well, the first thing that a bug rider has to do is overcome the apprenticeship thing. I won about 300 races as an apprentice, but I'd seen other riders do practically the same thing—and then they're dead for a couple of years. I lost my bug in

October of 1953, back at the same place where I'd broken my maiden, and I was doing so well the first part of the meeting that when I lost the bug I never lost any mounts over it. That happened for two reasons. First, there was nobody there to take my place and, second, I had gotten heavy in that year. I was actually doing 112, 113 with the bug, so I was three or four pounds overweight on a lot of horses that were in with the bug. So, actually, my horses weren't getting the difference in the weight, maybe just one or two pounds. Then, when I dropped the bug, they only gained two pounds rather than five. This helped me quite a bit, the fact that there was no transition for me between being an apprentice and a journeyman jockey, which a lot of riders have to go through.

The important thing is that for the moment I kept the same mounts that I had as an apprentice. I had been winning with them, and I've always maintained that good mounts are going to make a good rider. There's no good rider can do anything with horses that can't run. The No. 1 thing is a start, but then after that it's what you do with it. I think that the difference between a good rider and an ordinary rider is that a good one can get more out of a horse that can run. He's not gonna get a heck of a lot more out of a horse that can't. That, and the fact that a good rider makes fewer mistakes than the ordinary rider.

I rode at an extremely good clip after moving up to the mile track. As a matter of fact, I think I won more races on the mile tracks than I did at the halfers. The first year I was riding I won 323 races. For the next four years I don't think I was ever under 300 winners. My career steamrolled.

[During these four outstanding years—1955, 1956, 1957 and 1960—Hartack won, respectively, 417, 347, 341 and 307, enough to earn him the national riding title each time.]

When I left the half-mile tracks I had a certain amount of confidence that I could hold my own. I felt that I had learned a lot in that year and a half and that I knew what I was doing, but I still felt that I had a lot to learn. Now, with the Rice outfit, I was fighting the same battle of confidence all over again, only on a different level. It was like after I found out I could go through high school I had to go through college, only it was tougher.

continued

I don't suppose that real confidence came to me until I had been riding for at least three years. It built after that. But it wasn't the fact that I was the leading rider in the country, it was that I finally discovered that I knew what to do right. I made all the right moves. I seldom made mistakes, and my reflexes have always worked to my benefit. Plenty of times you don't depend on what you think. Sometimes in a race you just don't have time to think. Then you depend solely on your reflexes. And I just happen to have good reflexes. You don't learn reflexes. You either have good reflexes or you don't have good reflexes. And, fortunately, I have them. Something comes up, I do it, I can't take any credit for my reflexes. I just happen to have 'em.

And my attitude about worrying also changed. I just never worried anymore. Concerned—I'm always concerned, but I'm not a worrywart anymore. If a situation comes up, I'll be able to handle it. And if I can't handle it, no amount of worrying is going to eliminate it. But I do look ahead, so that I won't put myself in a situation that will involve making a mistake in judgment. You eliminate a lot of your difficulties after a certain period of time because you know how to see ahead. And when the situation comes up a surprise I'm not worried, because I feel I'll do the right thing before. I was just hoping that I'd do the right thing.



MEETING WITH ARCARO came after Eddie, riding Bold Ruler, beat Hartack and Gen Duke in the 1957 Hanning. Unlike Arcaro, Bill refuses to be a "great guy" with reporters.

Almost from the start of my riding career, and right up to now, there has been a great deal of commotion about my relationship with the press. There's no question that this ill feeling seems to have gotten worse over the years instead of improving. Because who wrote about it? I never wrote the whole story about myself until this article right now. I never asked a newspaperman to give me a good interview, nor did I ask one to give me a bad one. All I ever asked them to do was to print the facts—not the half-truths but the straight facts. When they do, they'll get a whole lot of cooperation out of me, a whole lot. Never was anything printed viewing both sides. No reporter ever wrote, "Bill was rude, but the reason he was rude was because when I talked to him he was in the middle of a racing day and he didn't want to be bothered with me." When did you ever read that? But you read many a time that Bill was rude and uncooperative and said, "No comment." Not once has any newspaperman come out and said the reason for it was that he (the reporter) approached Bill Hartack in the wrong way at the wrong time.

The press has printed half-truths that made people who didn't know which way to think see only the reporter's side of it. So who is going to get the repercussions from it? The newspapermen? Hell, no. But I knew it and I could see it coming. And I knew that I could butter

them up and do everything they wanted me to do to change it, right from the beginning. But then I would be compromising principle. I would be taking away from my work, taking away from everything I based my whole work on. For an image? For a stupid thing like an image? I know what I am. People who read about me don't. That's the difference. And who's responsible? I'm surely not. I challenge anyone to even attempt to show me one time where they can lay the blame on me. Impossible. Because there's not one incident, not one in my entire career, where I was out of line with the newspaperman before he was out of line with me.

Now, if I was curt from the beginning it was because I was working. Absolutely. This gave me an automatic reason. The people may not accept it, but who cares? I don't care, because if I cared what the newspapermen thought, I would have seen this image building and I would have erased it. Like Arcaro did. Great guy. No, my work comes first. Then what people think of me comes second.

There's this thing about reporters having to produce a story quickly on deadline. To me that does not excuse bad manners. It takes no time to say, "Excuse me, Bill, I'd like to ask you a question." Even then, I, as a human being, have a right to say, "I'm sorry, no interview today." As a person, I have that right to say no. But a newspaperman doesn't give you that right to say no. Even if you have said no, they'll stand around and keep talking, hoping they'll get one line out of you. And one line will lead to another one. They take the attitude, "I'm walking in here and he damn sight better give me the interview, or else." They rush up to me right after the race is over, before I have a chance to talk to the owner or trainer. Where does my responsibility lie first? To the owner? To the trainer? Or to the press? To the owner and trainer. Nobody can argue that point.

I'd say that 95% of the newspapermen I've met operate this way, and a great number of them take it as a personal insult. I'm not insulting them. I'm not mad at them. I'm annoyed at their attitude and their approach. But to a newspaperman this is an absolute crime. And then they throw this line at you, "The public deserves to know." Well, the public de-

serves to know what I feel like telling them. I've done my best out on the race track—that's the important thing. Now, if I feel like talking about it, fine. That's my prerogative. Another thing about the deadline stuff. I haven't ever seen a newspaperman who took into consideration my concentration, so why should I consider his deadline? What they're saying is, in effect, consider my deadline and forget about your concentration. There's plenty of riders who can talk and concentrate at the same time. I'm not saying they're wrong for giving interviews, because they're not. They have a right to answer anything they want, and if they want to talk, fine. But, man, I'm not that way.

There was a big thing made about my keeping the newspapermen waiting while I signed autographs after winning the 1964 Kentucky Derby with Northern Dancer. First, I never had an appointment with newspapermen after the Derby. They didn't set up an appointment with me, so they took potluck. If I had felt like talking to them, they were there. But I didn't slight them at all. I didn't make an appointment and then refuse to show up. If I had made an appointment with them, I would have shown up. But I had no appointment with them. I had no responsibility at all to the newspapermen. Why should I show responsibility to those men who have done everything in the world to print a one-sided view of me?

I'd rather be broke than give a man an interview who not only doesn't deserve it but who also doesn't even know how to write a sentence exactly the way I said it. I've got hundreds of clippings at home in Miami of things I was supposed to have said, in quotes. I'm not perfect at grammar and I'm not perfect at a lot of things. But I'll be a sonuvabitch. I can recognize what I said. I don't have that bad a memory. This is where television is different. You're more or less doing it yourself, rather than putting it in the hands of somebody else to write. I've found the people in TV—no reflection on any one individual newspaperman—but I have found the people who work in television definitely more mannerly. Yeah, and on television I've never misquoted myself.

If I give an interview after a race I care what I say. Sometimes I don't have anything to say, because I'm not sure. And I'm not going to give a typical line

like, "My horse didn't like the track." Now, there's a helluva excuse. That's a beautiful excuse. That covers a lot of territory and doesn't mean a thing. He didn't like the track. Why? He didn't like its color? The track's been there for years. He's gonna like the track? How about the other horses? They all liked it, but he didn't. He must be a very unusual horse. Everybody else liked it. He didn't like it.

That sounds exactly like the questions the newspapermen hit you with. "When did you have the race won?" Oh there's a beautiful line! "When did you think you had the race won?" If a reporter had ever ridden a horse in a race and won, he would never ask that question. I haven't got eyes in the back of my head. No matter how fast your horse is running, there's always a chance that someone else is gaining on you. You just don't really know. A person that's watching the race knows, more often than the jock, when a race is won, because he's looking at the whole scope of the race. He can judge how fast the second horse is running compared to how fast the leader is running. But when you're riding in a race you can't see it like a fan gets to see it. Horses aren't machines. They're subject to making a good run and then stopping. You may think four different times in the same race that you have a chance, and you may think three different times that you don't have any chance. How can you explain something

like that? "When did you think you had the race won?" That's a beautiful line.

I have often been asked about my relationship with various owners and trainers. Only they could answer that, but from my point of view I can say but one thing: I don't like to lose. I don't believe in losing, and it would be hard for me to talk pleasantly after I lost. I am angry when I lose.

When I come back from a losing race it would be impossible for me to say, "Now, look, I'm going back and talk to the owner and trainer. I'm a mad sonuvabitch right now, but I've got to talk pleasantly to them to make sure they don't think I'm mad at them." I'm not mad at them. I may be mad at the horse. I may be mad at myself. Sure, I'm mad I lost. Am I supposed to be happy?

I'll tell you one thing. If I was an owner or trainer, you know who I'd want riding my horses? Me. Because I want my jock, when he loses, to come back mad. I don't care who he's mad at. I want him to be mad. That's the kind of guy I want riding for me. I don't want a guy coming back to me, patting me on the back and saying, "Oh, I got into a little trouble today. Better luck next time. I hope to ride this horse back. Got off a little bad. Jock kind of shut me off down the backside." I don't want this guy riding for me if he's gonna pat me on the back and speak nice to me and tell me my horse should have won. I want my jock to

continue



WATCHING RERUN at Northern Dancer's Derby victory, Hartsack discusses race with trainer Horatio Luro and Chris Schenkel. He says TV men have better manners than writers

come back and tell me exactly what happened, to the best of his ability. And I want him to be mad. I want him to say he's mad at the other guy just because he wants to whip him. That's why I want me.

I know there's a lot of trainers I don't like to ride, and I don't know why. But I'll tell you one thing, I'm not going to ask them why. If they don't want to ride me, that's their prerogative. I'd like to, and maybe by talking to them I could iron things out, but I'm not going to do it. If the man is mad at me, he's got a reason for being mad, whether it's justified or not. He's mad at me, and he doesn't want me to ride. If he doesn't want me to ride, I'm sure not gonna beg him. I want him to ride me because he thinks I can win—not because I'm a friend of his.

Sometimes somebody will tell a trainer something I said or did, or a trainer will read something about me. Man, I can't go to every owner and trainer and explain everything they read in the papers. If they don't have enough confidence in me, then what's the use of me riding for them? There's not one time I ever got off a horse that I didn't give them my honest opinion. If they're mad at me for that, what else am I going to do? There's nothing I can do.

There's no question that I'm lacking good horses to ride now. Oh, I'm riding lots of long shots. But as far as the caliber of horses there are to ride, I'm pretty much out in left field now. If owners and trainers of good horses are mad at me because of my honest opinion, what's the use of giving an honest opinion? I could be just like an average rider, go back and say, "This horse got in a lot of trouble," when he really didn't get in a lot of trouble. "This horse ran straight and kind," when he didn't. Or "This horse is perfectly sound," when he wasn't perfectly sound. That's all I have to do. But I can't do that. Man, I've got to live with myself first.

Several years ago I was riding lots for Fred Hooper and he had a big stable. One day I was on a 4-to-5 shot of his called Greek Circle at Hialeah. When I warmed him up, I couldn't guide him properly. It could have been a thrown stuff, I don't know, but this was an unusual situation, where I really didn't have any control of the horse. He was completely off stride, and I just absolutely couldn't get him to even gallop

in a straight line. It was an extreme thing, and to me it was very important. When we got to the gate I refused to ride him.

Now, there's no logical reason for me to have a 4-to-5 shot scratched at the gate. The ultimate of riding is to make it easier for the jock to win, and having a 4-to-5 shot that is all right is what you set out to do. There was no question about Greek Circle's past performance or his ability, and I thought I was doing Mr. Hooper a favor by doing what I honestly thought was correct. I honestly thought I couldn't guide him.

I'm not questioning Mr. Hooper's veracity. In his own mind he thought the horse was all right, and the trainer probably thought he was all right, too. There's no reason for them to run him if they didn't think he was all right. But when I got on his back I know I was closer to him at the last minute. I have, you know, some kind of an idea about a horse. If it's a borderline case, I'll ride him. This was not. I could just as easily have ridden that horse and finished up the racetrack and been very diplomatic, as they keep telling me to be, and told Mr. Hooper that I just couldn't understand what happened to him. Instead all I did was cut off my nose to spite my face. I knew Mr. Hooper was going to get angry, but what did he want me to do? Lie to him? I didn't appreciate getting snacked at the mouth because I tried to do something I thought was right. The only bad thing was that this actual case could never have been proven, is if he had run that day and had gone down because I wasn't able to handle him, or something of that nature. To this day I don't know what was wrong with him, I know I rode the horse the following year and won a couple of races on him. He was all right then.

How can you prove your point? The next time something like this happened and they tried to prove I was wrong, the horse got beat about 15 lengths. But do you think that erased all the publicity from the Greek Circle incident? I was on a horse for Arnold Winick at Tropical Park and I said he was unsound. He was second choice in the race, and I didn't want to ride him. The steward and the veterinarian didn't believe he was unsound. They ordered him back to the paddock, and the people

hoed me something terrible. They finally got a jock, Buck Thornburg, to ride him, and he ran terrible. He ran terrible.

You know what a steward or a veterinarian will think? Any horse can run a bad race. Of course any horse can run a bad race, but I know this horse would run a bad race because he was off form, because he was sore. And then the people had nerve enough to boo Thornburg when he came back on the horse. Furthermore, they then had nerve enough to cheer me after I came out on my next mount. Absolutely had the god-damn nerve to cheer me. Boy, some gall!

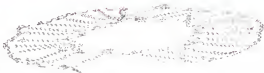
And where was the press then? Where was the educated, intelligent press then? The press that's going to print the truth, tell the facts? Where were they at? Beautiful Beautiful people. There's no way in the world they're gonna educate the fans, because they don't want to educate them. You think they care about the public? They care about themselves. As long as the article is interesting and they get it printed, they don't care whether it's the truth or not. Some of them may want to print the truth, but if it comes down to really worrying whether it is or is not 100% truthful—no, it's finished, so send it in. Then they absolutely expect you to respect them.

You know, I'm not married. But I really dig kids. I just happen to dig children, and it's no effort on my part, and I probably enjoy myself more when I am with them than they do. Children have one great attribute—they lack something that unfortunately they grow up and get. They don't know hate. They know dislike and things like that, but they don't know hate and bitterness and things like that. So therefore they're very easy to get along with. They're not coarse and hard and they just haven't grown up to the hardness of the world. That makes them automatically enjoyable. It's nice to get away from the rat race and see how kids enjoy themselves because they haven't quite reached that plateau yet. Children appreciate real things. Of course, I also believe in a certain amount of discipline for kids.

NEXT WEEK

Hartack tells how he developed his distinctive riding style, analyzes his Derby wins and reveals why he never married

How many mistakes can



Looks like each mistake you find, 80 is a perfect score.
Observation correct: for saying the whole wagon thinks
it's big wheels.

The 80 is a VOLKSWAGEN. STATION WAGON DOESN'T
OPEN UP.

No need to open the engine, which is in the rear; you just
flip up a flap in the rear. And since there's no engine sticking
out in front, it can't get in the way when you're parking.

Doesn't use BIGHT SPACE PLUS.

Only one. So whatever a spare plug does, you'll find
uses that much when it's time for a tune-up.

NO WATER.

Our engine cools itself with air, not water. All this means
freeze up or boil over on you.

As for, obviously, you'll never have to bother to check if you
have enough air.

you spot in this picture?



NO ANTI-FREEZE
No place to pour it.

TAKES JUST 2 1/2 QUARTS OF OIL
That's about 2 1/2 quarts less than most wagons take
LUGGAGE RACK

The choices are if you buy a luggage rack, the only thing
you'll end up with on your roof is a luggage rack. Because a
Volkswagen Station Wagon can carry about twice as much as

other wagons can. All inside
CHAINS

The weight of our rear engine is on the rear wheels for extra
traction. So you may need chains, but not as soon or as often.

And finally,

THE MECHANIC FIRING THE VOLKSWAGEN IS NOT
AN AUTHORIZED VOLKSWAGEN MECHANIC.
Which is probably the first mistake.



expo67

Come to Canada. Enjoy the Canadian Centennial
and the World's International Exposition at Montreal.



If you're not sure how their tastes run,
the Smooth Canadian is an educated guess.



More people drink V.O. than any other
brand of imported whisky, including Scotch.
That's because V.O. does what no other whisky
can. It defines smooth once and for all.
Light! Of course. (So even if V.O. isn't
their brand now, chances are it will be!)

Known by the company it keeps

Seagram's
Canadian *Vo*



Young Yvan Cournoyer is a sharp dresser and born shooter who will become the next big star of the Montreal Canadiens when he learns how to defend as well as he attacks by PETE AXTHELM

DEADEYE DUDE OF THE NORTH

The two girls are about 17 and cute and are wearing their hair in the short, neat style you see all over Montreal. They recognize the handsome kid in the sports car right away. They smile and giggle and wave. Yvan Cournoyer, who is stopped at a traffic light and is busy manipulating the automatic window controls of his \$7,100 Corvette Sting Ray, notices them and smiles back for a moment, with the same cheerful grin he has just given the 10 youngsters who stopped him for autographs as he left a hockey practice at the Montreal Forum. "Everybody here loves hockey," he says. "Everybody seems to know who you are. You can see that, eh?" You can also see that Yvan likes the idea of people knowing who he is.

The light turns green, and Yvan presses the gas pedal down into the plush carpeting on the floor. The motor roars loud enough to be heard over Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, who are making another very loud noise on the radio. The back wheels spin for a second in the snow and slush of St. Catherine Street, and the driver smiles with pride as the green car races away from the young hockey fans. Yvan likes fast driving, too.

On this winter weekday he has a special reason to drive fast. He is on his way to buy clothes. But not merely to buy them—to study them, to caress them, to exchange them and have them adjusted until they are just right for both his Continental wardrobe and his powerful build. Yvan drives to the Place Ville Marie, an underground shopping center full of fashionable stores and wealthy business people and more pretty girls wearing short hair and miniskirts, although it is 5 below zero outside. He parks his car and enters Holt-Renfrew Tree, one of the very best stores in the area. "Monsieur Cournoyer," someone says. He is immediately surrounded by four salesmen. It is well known in Montreal that Yvan likes nice clothes nearly as much as neat girls and fast cars.



COURNOYER KNOTS TIE BEFORE MIRROR REFLECTING OVERFLOW FROM CLOSET

PHOTO BY



THE GOOD LIFE OF YVAN COURNOYER INCLUDES THIS EXPENSIVE, RACY STING RAY

His problem of the moment is a \$17 baby-blue sport shirt that does not fit properly. "The neck size is all right," he says, "but the shoulders are too tight." This is understandable, for Yvan has the shoulders of a small bull on his taut and muscular 5' 7" body. As notable as the shoulders are his large wrists, which have been strengthened by long shooting drills with a homemade two-and-a-half-pound steel puck to the point where Yvan now possesses one of the best wrist shots in hockey. A young salesman begins searching the shelves for a suitable shirt. While he waits, Yvan spots a pair of light-green slacks with a single square pocket, sleek lines and a rope-textured belt. He tries them on and buys them for \$25.

The young clerk still can't find the right size shirt, but now another clerk, speaking quickly and smoothly in French, has Yvan's attention. He brings out a hand-tailored calfskin jacket. "Beautiful," Yvan says, "but I've got one just like it."

Cournoyer is 23 and single and makes something like \$18,000 a year playing right wing for the Montreal Canadiens, the Stanley Cup champions of 1966. He lives in Lachine, a suburb of Montreal, with his family, and his father needs no financial help from him. This leaves Yvan in an excellent position to save money. But he is an exciting hockey player who is just beginning to get a real chance to become a star. He has many good years ahead in which to worry about saving. For the moment he'd just

as soon spend a little. He works hard at the game he plays for his living, and he enjoys its reward: a kind of suspended and untroubled state of happiness in the town that is the ultimate goal of every French-speaking kid who even thinks about playing hockey in Canada. "Playing for the Canadiens," Yvan says, "is like a dream for me."

To most outsiders there is a magical quality about the whole Montreal hockey scene. A tradition, a heritage, a mystique remain with the team and the city even in years like this one, when the Canadiens are struggling just to stay above the .500 mark and are in imminent danger of losing the cup in the April playoffs. Separate and somewhat mysterious, Les Habitants are swarthy, dashing men whose native tongue is foreign to the ears of most hockey fans and who only occasionally deign to speak the fluid, accented English that makes them seem even more distant from the mere mortals who oppose them in the National Hockey League. Other teams skate, the Canadiens fly. Other teams have heroes, the Canadiens have demigods, of whom the greatest was Maurice (Rocket) Richard. English-speaking Canadians are important to the team, of course, yet the flavor of the club, like that of Montreal itself, is distinctly French. If a number of so-so hockey players have slipped in among the gods, the heritage still lives. Surely La Belle Province will produce yet another marvel to repel *les étrangers* and lead

Montreal back to the top. In fact, many people around Montreal hockey have already decided that the new star will be Yvan Cournoyer.

Pete Morin has coached and owned hockey clubs in Montreal for 17 years. "In that whole time," he says, "I've only seen two kid players that I knew would definitely make it as successors to the Rocket. One was his brother Henri. The other, whom I first spotted when he was 15, is Cournoyer."

Cournoyer had the shooting ability of an NHL star when he was 16," says Claude Ruel, the Canadiens' chief scout for eastern Canada, who coached Yvan in junior hockey. "From the first day I laid eyes on him I knew he'd make it. He's a natural scorer, always going to the net and always thinking when he's in front of it. You've either got that scoring knack or you haven't, and Yvan's always had it." Ruel pauses and then adds the highest compliment available to him: "Like the Rocket."

Such comparisons naturally embarrass Yvan. "The Rocket was everything in hockey to me," he says. "I guess it was the same for most kids in Montreal. Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull, sure, they're great players. But you can't tell many people who grew up here that the Rocket wasn't the greatest that ever lived. How could I ever compare to him?"

Actually, Yvan resembles the sainted Richard almost every time he takes a pass and begins a rush over the blue line. He skates swiftly down the right wing, looks to his left, then cuts sharply, without a wasted half-stride, and is suddenly in front of the goal, ready to fire his left-handed shot. That kind of move was Richard's trademark. Few who have followed him have executed it as well as Cournoyer.

However, the young Canadian is not yet a complete player. His defensive work is not up to the Canadiens' standard. This has prevented Coach Toe Blake from joining the chorus of delirious praise for Yvan. In fact, Blake refused to use Cournoyer on anything but power plays for the first half of this season, saying, "His checking is still too weak." Even so, Yvan has scored a remarkable number of goals. Indeed, he has been the team's leading goal-getter through most of the season. In recent weeks he has played intermittently on a line with Jean Beliveau, another of his idols, and John Ferguson, and he has been very

good at times, but vulnerable at other times. One night in New York he set up as beautiful and smart a goal as you will see in a season—making a ferocious rush, dropping the puck for a trailer, Ferguson, and then screening Ferguson's wicked shot. The next week his gossamer defense contributed to a heavy defeat.

"I think I'm gaining experience that will improve me a lot," he says in his slightly hesitant English, which he began learning four years ago. "I watch the good checkers like Claude Provost and try to copy them. I've come to realize that checking is very important." Mainly it is important because he will not play very much if he can't check, and if he doesn't play he cannot shoot.

Yvan not only shoots hard and accurately but releases the puck with the instantaneous reaction that distinguished the Rocket and all mighty scorers. Yvan is so anxious to use this talent that some hockey men have accused him of shofting too much. "There is no such thing as shooting too much," he replies to such criticism. "I think a player should shoot from everywhere, backhand or forehand, from any angle."

The development of a young hockey player in Canada is usually a long and often painful process. A boy with obvious talent leaves home at 15 or 16 to play with a team of strangers, often in a distant town. He generally leaves school at about the same time, staking his future on hockey. There are moments of loneliness and doubt for almost everyone.

But not for Yvan Cournoyer. He has never had to leave home, has never been unknown or alone or even particularly anxious about any part of his life. "I know I've been very lucky," he says. "Staying at home all through a career is a great thing." Yvan entered junior hockey at 14, after he and his family moved from Drummondville, Que. to the Montreal area. Soon he found himself in the finals of the Metropolitan (junior A) League playoffs. In the decisive game his Lachine team was trailing Verdun 3-2. With 30 seconds left he took the puck behind his own net, skated through the entire Verdun team and scored to tie the game. He scored again to win it in overtime, and the team owner, Pete Moran, recalls, "Already people were saying I was right about Yvan's future."

Midget, junior B, junior A—the standard, but sometimes tortuous route of all young players—was a simple straight-



COURNOYER GETS OFF SHOT OESPIE BELLIGERENT STICKS OF RANGER DEFENDERS

line progression for Cournoyer. Each year he played better, was moved up in the Canadiens' system and was hailed by more and more Montrealers as one with a glorious destiny in the Forum. But then how could one ignore a compatriot who scored 63 goals in his final season as a junior?

"Of course, that made it kind of hard for me in the NHL," he says. "A lot of people said I should score 30 goals my first full year." But nobody seemed ready to give up on him when he scored only seven in 1964-65. Given more chances to play last year, he got 18. Early in March he reached the 20-goal mark, with a month of the current season still to be played, and it is unlikely that he will ever finish below 20 again. Improvement has been a constant factor in Yvan's life.

At one time he took baseball and golf seriously, but you will never see him on the pro tour as long as the pucks are going in for him and the good life in Montreal continues.

Yvan stops the Stung Ray in front of his house and enters. He takes off his snow-covered shoes at the door and puts on slippers. A large German shepherd named Princess greets him. He walks into a living room filled with tasteful, newly acquired furniture and tunes in a French rock 'n' roll station on his FM stereo set. It is the day before a home game, and he will spend it playing with the dog and resting in his own room, which is very cramped because one-third

of it is occupied by a long metal clothes rack. The rack holds the overflow from Yvan's closet.

Montreal offers attractive girls and possibly the best discotheques in North America to a young and single athlete, but Yvan enjoys them only in the off season. He speaks of the cavetike La Ikorne and the space-age Mousse Spatheque with relish and admits that dancing is another of his favorite pastimes. "But I don't go out much now," he says. "You could get in a lot of trouble if you did—this is a wild town. That's why I go steady with one girl. It keeps things quiet and easy. Tonight, for instance, I'll just have dinner at her house and then get some rest before the game."

Going steady may be a form of self-defense against other temptations for Yvan, but it is also a pretty pleasant habit. Jeannette Desrosiers is pert and charming and just wide-eyed and admiring enough around her famous friend. Yvan has been going steady with her for five years, but he says that it is much too early to think about marriage.

It is too early, really, to think about anything but scoring goals or choosing the right cashmere sweater or tuning up a sports car for maximum speed. Too early for responsibilities or worries. Too early for anything or anybody to interrupt this unbroken and idyllic dream, which just may wind up in a few years with the dashing young prince becoming king.

END

PEOPLE

Waste! Wear Daily, which likes to keep abreast or avant the fashion guard, consulted Heavyweight Champion **Muhammad Ali** last week about women's styles. "Western women's clothes are lovely," Ali declared. "If you have merchandise to sell, you display it. Western women display themselves to taunt and tease and cause trouble. If I were with a woman and she was dressed in one of those ugly mini-skirts and cut-out tops, some man might be excited and upset by her display . . . and I'd have to protect her from this and probably get into a fight."

One midnight four months ago **Howard Hughes** checked into the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, renting the entire penthouse floor, which has eight suites. Hughes immediately retired to his rooms, and he has not come out of them since. Word has it that after several weeks the owners of the hotel, which makes its money not on room and restaurant charges but on its gambling casino, realized that the reportedly ailing Hughes and his eight penthouses were a lux-

ury they could ill afford. Their concern became more pressing as the time approached for golf's Tournament of Champions, which is held at the Desert Inn in April. Rumors since denied—have it that someone suggested to Howard Hughes that he might move. If so, it was a bad suggestion. Hughes is expected to buy a 50-year lease on the Desert Inn—golf tournament, penthouses and all—for \$13 million this week.

"St. Louis is in danger of getting still another cigar-store Indian," the art critic of the *Post-Dispatch* said the other day after inspecting photographs of the controversial \$50,000 sculpture of **Stan Musial** (SI, Feb. 13) that is to be placed in front of Busch Memorial Stadium. Declaring that Sculptor Carl Mose has misused *The Man (below)*, the critic wrote: "There is little evident feeling of muscle, or even of anatomy; the curled spring of Musial's body in its familiar cocked-but-poutful is sorpid in the overweight sculptured figure." Musial was slightly more fundamental in his criticism. "I don't know about statues," he

said, "but the stance is too straight." Mose will try to make the necessary corrections before the bronze is cast.

When **Sir Laurence Olivier** was playing *Othello* in London last month, he added a large steak and a bottle of burgundy to his daily diet to give him added strength, and worked out in a gym on Holland Park Road before his performances. "Lifting weights is really sovereign for the voice," Olivier explains. "It relaxes the throat muscles and I can get much lower notes." He now goes to the gym twice a week (*truth*), paying three guineas for 40 minutes' exercise. "I have a childish belief that a strong body means a strong heart," he says. "This is probably untrue, but heart attacks do tend to come on at about my age." Also exercising with him now is the entire cast of his current play—*The Dance of Death*—in which Sir Laurence has a very strenuous role.

Red Auerbach takes no little pride in his handball. He plays several times a week at the Cambridge (Mass.) Y and likes to point out that when he was in high school in Brooklyn he captained a handball team which was so good that future 13-time U.S. handball champion Vic Hershkovitz couldn't make the squad. Recently when Auerbach was in Kansas City, he heard that **Frank Stram** fancied himself a handball player, and a challenge match with the Chiefs' coach was arranged. Afterward, a newspaperman asked Stram for the scores. "I won the first 21-14," he reported. "I don't remember the score of the second game." But Auerbach remembered. "I was giving away six years. I had a cold and I was having trouble breathing," he said. "I won the second game 21-12."

"I feel that I'm already some type of politician after being able to stay with one ball club for 15 years," said ex-Pirate **Bob Fried** after he announced



he was a Republican candidate for controller of Allegheny (Pa.) County. Maybe so, but seeking the same spot on the Democratic ticket is **Vinnie Smith**, a National League umpire for nine years. He might know something about being politic, too.

A recent Red Guard newspaper attributes the downfall of the general secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, **Teng Hsiao-ping**, to his penchant for playing bridge. A leader of the revisionist opposition to Mao, Teng is accused of stealing state funds to build the Higher Cadres Club, apparently a Peking version of the Cavendish, where he played bridge with "capitalist, bourgeois, renegades, demons and monsters" during office hours. The newspaper, *Tung Pao Hsing* (The East Is Red), declares the general secretary would sometimes play all afternoon, only interrupting his game long enough—presumably while he was dummied—to put his "stinking signature" on official documents. "He was really a revisionist to the bone," the newspaper says.



The Rocket Action Cars are out front again!



How does Delmont 88 deliver so many fine-car features at such a modest price?

Just beautifully.

Building cars that deliver the goods—and the goodies—comes second nature with Oldsmobile. As evidence the new Delmont 88. Toronado-inspired from stem to stern. Rocket-powered in two V-8 versions, 330 and 425 cubic inches. Proved Olds 88 chassis, brakes and suspension. A whole host of safety features, all standard. And, if you wish, such Olds engineering advancements as Climatic Combustion Control, UHV Transistorized Ignition System, front disc brakes—to name only a few. Frankly, you'd never expect a car that offers as much as Delmont 88 to carry such a modest price. But there it is, in writing, right on the sticker.



There's a Rocket for every pocket at your Olds Dealer's One-Stop Transportation Center. 36 Toronado-inspired Oldsmobile models—with a wider range of prices, features and standard safety equipment than ever!

Engineered for excitement...Toronado-style!

OLDSMOBILE



MADE IN U.S.A.



The gleam of gold and the shine of silver

Blazers used to be simple navy-blue-flannel jackets adorned with brass buttons. Now they come in all sorts of colors and fabrics, and blazer buttons, as witness the collection at left, can be anything but simple

Cast in gold, etched in silver, carved of malachite, decorative buttons are the newest accessories for what was once the simplest article of men's apparel—the blazer. Because of its very simplicity and usefulness, the navy-blue flannel blazer, with undecorated brass buttons, has long been a leisure uniform for sportsmen everywhere. Now collectors of blazers are not only dressing them up with such luxuries as solid-gold buttons, but they are also buying the jackets in a variety of colors and fabrics, such as the silks, twill and hopsacking serving as background for the buttons in the photograph. Far from constituting mayhem on what has become a classic article of men's attire, the wearers are actually harking back to the blazer's very origins in late Victorian England.

The first blazers often were so riotously striped in a "blaze" of club and school colors (hence the name) that cricket and boating contests looked like circus parades. Some of the buttons in the collection opposite are antiques left over

from the jacket's earliest days when blazers were also fitted out with pocket crests in gold bullion thread to signify membership in all sorts of organizations, civil and military. In fact, the navy flannel blazer is a carry-over from the British love for a uniform, and ex-military types in England most frequently adorn their blazers with crests or buttons signifying air groups, fleets and regiments.

In America the blazer has been adopted by every kind of team—pro football and basketball, Ryder Cup golf, Olympic and Pan American squads, college teams and TV's sports program crews in the field. The awarding, next week, of the symbolic Augusta green blazer to the winner of the Masters has become one of sport's sacred rites.

The fancy-button fad, to dress up the blazer uniform, is for men who want something more individual than the stamped-out brass or the fake and anonymous emblems that come on ready-made blazers. To satisfy this craving, they are going to Neiman-Marcus, Car-

tier and Tiffany for gold and silver buttons, to college shops and department stores for university-seal buttons or for the "Collegium Pubatatum Donarum," or College of Hard Knocks, design. Old Buttons, Inc., of New York and New Orleans, has its scouts all over the world, locating old Civil War and foreign uniform buttons, obsolete English hunt club designs—anything with the aura of belonging, real or pretended.

As if to emphasize the status-button fad, the newest blazer fashion is the double-breasted model, ripped at the waist, British style. It has four instead of three buttons—plus those on the sleeve—or in some cases even six down the front. The popular new Pierre Cardin model from France, with its high lapels has six buttons and incurs this kind of risk: a young man wearing one in a New York department store was approached by a matron who asked where she could find the lingene department. When he said he didn't know, she demanded in a huff: "Aren't you the elevator starter?"

Who's Got the Button?

TOP ROW: two antique brass English hunt club designs (each set of 7, \$13.50), Old Buttons, Inc., New York; authentic shotgun shell (set of 7, \$3.99), Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; Stanford University and other school seals (set of 7, \$7.50), Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; antique Civil War uniform (set of 7, \$59), Old Buttons

SECOND ROW: gold horsehead (set of 7,

\$100), Abercrombie & Fitch, antique French mayor's guard (set of 8, \$15), Dunhill Tailors, New York; sailboat (set of 7, \$53), Old Buttons; College of Hard Knocks (set of 7, \$9), Ari's, Wellesley, Mass.; gold wood-grain design (set of 8, \$256), Carter, New York.

THIRD ROW: gold-and-blue-enamel ring design (set of 8, \$300), Dunhill; gold rope and anchor (set of 7, \$130), Carter; custom design for Ford Motor Co. (no order), Ben Silver, Inc., New York;

gold threaded design (set of 7, \$155), Carter; gold and malachite Greek head (set of 8, \$375), Old Buttons.

BOTTOM ROW: Harvard (set of 7, \$7.50), Neiman-Marcus; authentic English coin (set of 7, \$26), Old Buttons; brass jump-english (set of 7, \$11), Old Buttons; gold basketweave design (set of 7, \$243), Tiffany; New York: silver flying geese (set of 7, \$25), Old Buttons. The silk blazer fabrics are from Chipp, the twill and hopsacking from J. Press, New York.

Delicious dessert for a hungry Spartan crew

Led by a gangle-armed farmer who hates to diet, Michigan State overcame a long and inglorious tradition of losing to give a fresh new look to a sport that for years has been dominated by the same three schools

Coches Grady Penner and Doug Blubaugh, seeking to convince themselves of the inconceivable, stood beneath the white scoreboard at Kent State University and counted up the points on their fingers, one hoping the other would not suddenly come up with a combination of small disasters that would deprive their Michigan State team of its first National Collegiate wrestling championship. But because it was Saturday—the final day of the tournament—even those two pessimists could find no way to lose.

Their concern was understandable. From the very beginning in 1928 nobody had come even close to beating Oklahoma, Oklahoma State or Iowa State, the schools that, collectively, had dominated college wrestling. Of the 36 national championships that had been awarded up to this year, all but four had been won

by one of the schools. Oklahoma State alone had claimed 25 titles.

Penner, however, had been looking for a turning point ever since he took over at Michigan State five years ago and Saturday he was saying maybe it had come. "You can't imagine just what winning this championship could mean," he said. "Not only to us, but to wrestling and recruiting throughout the country. Before this year no team except one of the big three ever dreamed of winning the national championship, but now it doesn't look as impossible as it used to."

The new era was as predictable as it was promising. The 1967 tournament was one of the best as far as competitive skill and balance goes and, without a doubt, it was the largest. A total of 345 wrestlers representing 91 schools met in 423 bouts before 30,963 persons. Michigan State came out on top by carrying the fight to

the opposition throughout, which perhaps was less of a surprise to the Spartan coaches than they indicated on Saturday. This was the same team that had challenged both Oklahoma schools on their home grounds without losing, and no other wrestlers had been able to do this before. When the NCAA competition got under way, Michigan State picked up right where it had left off in Oklahoma. The Spartans, who had also won the Big Ten title, took all the matches they knew they had to win; Oklahoma, which entered the tournament as the favorite, won few of its vital matches. As early as Friday's quarter-finals, two of its best—Bryan Rice, the Big Eight champion at 123 pounds, and Dickie Havel, 137, were defeated. Similarly, Oklahoma State, though it had won 9 of 12 meets over as rugged a schedule as there is in college wrestling, was suddenly out

continued

GOING AFTER PIN IN CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT, MICHIGAN STATE'S GEORGE RADMAN ATTACKS LEG OF FRESNO STATE'S MIKE CALLEJO



When we built the Volvo to last 11 years, we didn't forget you'd be sitting in it for 11 years.

We didn't forget your head.

When you build a car that lasts an average of 11 years in Sweden, you build it tough. Our roof is a lot harder than your head. So you'll want some head room. Our seat can be lowered (or raised) to three different heights.

We didn't forget your spine.

The Volvo seat not only has a support for your spine, but it's a support you can adjust to fit exactly. *Industrial Design magazine* called our seat an "orthopedic delight" because of this feature.

We didn't forget your legs.

The most most car seats move is four to six inches. The Volvo seat slides back and forth nine inches, with even another position for people with even longer long legs.

We didn't even forget your eyes.

Volvo seats look like they belong in Swedish modern living rooms. And that's a claim we didn't believe any more than you do. Until, complete with legs, we actually saw them there.

We didn't forget your seat.

Our seats are supported by tough rubber straps, padded with two layers of soft foam padding and covered with textured vinyl. Which means they're tough, soft and textured for ventilation.

We didn't forget your thighs.

Boy did we remember them. First, the angle of our seat cushion adjusts to support your thighs. Not the "average" thighs. Your thighs. Then we even go so far as to use a softer covering on the part of our seat your thighs touch.

Our seat. It helped get our car on *Road & Track magazine's* list of the seven best cars in the world. The list also includes Cadillac, Mercedes-Benz and Rolls-Royce.

See the "11" in *Eight* for the dozen reasons why. The car that averages 40 mpg economy. 4000 cc.

POWER YOUR PLAY

ASHAWAY VANTAGE
For Tournament Play
Aspen, Stringing Cost
Tennis \$9

with
ASHAWAY
top-rated racket string

ASHAWAY PRO-TECTED
For Club Play
Aspen, Stringing Cost
Tennis \$7
Badminton \$4

LASTS LONGER - STAYS LIVELIER
MOISTURE IMMUNE

ASHAWAY MULTI-PLY
For Regular Play
Aspen, Stringing Cost
Tennis \$5
Badminton \$4

ASHAWAY PRODUCTS, INC., Ashaway, Rhode Island



Drive this home

You can buy or rent the Dodge Motor Home. But if you rent one you'll end up wanting to buy. This is the complete luxury home on wheels. With bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, dining and living room. All beautifully appointed. Just think—you may never have to make a hotel reservation again. For a closer look at the Motor Home, return the coupon. We'll send you a brochure, and name of the nearest dealer.

TRAVCO

Brochure Brown City, Michigan 48418
Please send information on renting ☐ or
buying ☐ a Dodge Motor Home

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Authorized Dodge Dealer

CHRYSLER

COLLEGE WRESTLING *continued*

of its usual number of qualifiers, as was Iowa State. The collapse of the three left the field wide open, and Michigan State, followed closely by Michigan, made haste to fill it.

Under Peninger, a slight man of 39 who is beginning to lose his hair, and Blubaugh, a stocky, crew-cut Olympic champion who wears thick, horn-rimmed glasses, Michigan State wrestling took a sharp turn for the better after 1964, when it finished last in the Big Ten. State rose to second the following year, and then won its first conference title in five years. Even though it repeated this season, the team was not exactly thinking national championship when it left for the NCAA tournament. "We didn't come down here with the idea of winning," said Don Behm, who wrestles at 130 pounds, "but we knew we had a chance. We thought we'd get off to as good a start as we could and then just wait and see."

Their lack of great expectations may have been the thing that kept the Spartans loose. What pressure the team felt was placed mostly on the shoulders of Behm, who had just won his second Big Ten title. Dale Anderson, a two-time champion who was undefeated in 1966, and a 167-pounder named George Radman, acknowledged by Peninger as "the cleverest wrestler I've ever coached."

The most nerve-racking, too. A beautifully proportioned young man with long, powerful arms, Radman worked on a farm outside of Norfolk, Va., and has never felt in a hurry to go anywhere. He battles weight constantly and can see no reason to suffer for a full week to make his weight limit when the same end can be achieved with a spine-rattling climax. "There wasn't one week of my mind worrying about his weight," moaned Peninger. "Why, once he was 11 pounds overweight the day before a meet."

On Thursday, the day the NCAAAs began, there was Radman again, a pound over the limit with 35 minutes to go. Peninger, frantic, rushed him into his sweat clothes and then into the steam room, where Radman ran in place and did push-ups with, with 90 seconds to go, he finally made weight. The following day the team searched frantically for Radman before his first bout only to find him in the room of his high school coach—asleep. And the day he was to wrestle for the national championship,

Radman had this to say: "Look, after this is over it won't mean nothing toward getting me a farm somewhere. That's all I really want. But a farm costs money. And I'm sure not going to get any by wrestling, now am I?"

When the tournament entered its third and final day the three Big Eight powers had been reduced to skeleton teams. Michigan had scored enough points to be close but did not have the qualifiers to back them up, and Lehigh, the Eastern Intercollegiate champion, had lost 10 of its 11 men. Only Mike Caruso, the lone two-time national champion in the tournament, remained. In the finals Caruso won the 50th straight match of his career and claimed his third national title in a row in a 7-6 squeaker over Bobby Fehrs of Michigan.

But by now the Wolverines had grown used to dropping the close ones. On Friday, Michigan championship hopes disappeared when Dave Porter, a superb heavyweight and defending NCAA champion, lost a hotly disputed and highly disputable 5-4 decision to Dominick Carollo of Adams State. Carollo, after striking for five quick points, was penalized a point for stalling near the end of the match, and when it was over the crowd was roaring that his tactics should have cost him more. Michigan State's Jeff Richardson thought so, too. "That's no way for a champion to lose," he said in consolation to Porter, who shook the hand of his conqueror and then left the arena without even stopping to pick up his sweat shirt.

The Spartans entered the finals with a 68-60 lead over Michigan. It held up as Anderson survived a stirring overtime match against Masaru Yatahe of Portland State and Radman roused himself long enough to win his bout. Michigan State was the new champion, Iowa State was third and Oklahoma fourth. Portland State finished fifth, Oklahoma State, the defending champion, was sixth and Lehigh seventh.

It was a long, hard tournament and after it was over there was a groundswell among coaches and officials to trim the entry list to a more manageable number. The only trouble was that nobody had any idea where to start. "The boys are just getting better and better every year," said Grady Peninger, "and the only way we're going to find out who's best is to let 'em fight it out among themselves." **END**



**Fred has
\$5,000 more home
than home insurance.**

Hope you have \$5,000 to burn, Fred old boy.

It's easy to be under-insured. All it takes is for your home to increase in value while your insurance stays the same. True, it costs money to raise the limits of your insurance. But this is

where State Farm comes in.

State Farm offers a better deal than most companies in the home insurance business. Same as State Farm does on car insurance. It's made us number one in sales in both.

A single policy can protect you against fire, burglary, vandalism, tornadoes, lawsuits, and more. So, unless you have money to burn, call your State Farm agent and avoid financial embarrassment.



State Farm Fire and Casualty Company
Home Office, Bloomington, Illinois

In Texas, savings on State Farm Homeowners Policies have been returned to residents. In Mississippi, we offer a Comprehensive Dwelling Policy similar to our Homeowners Policy.

Rushing out of the barn and into the picture

Damascus may have hardly worked up a sweat in his brief career, but his performance in the Bay Shore should put his foes in a lather

Three months of winter racing in the sunshine of Florida and California have given followers of the 3-year-old division ample opportunity to sort out the best from the not-so-best among those aiming for the Kentucky Derby. Yet, despite the often impressive performances of such runners as Reflected Glory, In Reality, Solo Landing, Ruket and Tumble Wind, to name just five of the top ones, some horsemen have insisted all along that the *real* best have not come out of their barns and into the headlines yet. Last week one of them, Damascus, stepped from his stall at Laurel, Md., was vanned up to Aqueduct

and, before 47,366 fans, raced through the mud for a strong win in the seven-furlong Bay Shore Stakes. With this one performance he propelled himself into the already confusing Kentucky Derby picture.

Before Aqueduct's running of the Gotham (April 15) and the Wood Memorial (April 22) the confusion is sure to increase, for there are others to be heard from. Some, like Successor, last year's 2-year-old champion, have been slightly ailing. Others, like the Johnny Neriad-trained entry of Branch, Dr. Fager, and Gaylord's Feather, have not been able to get in sufficient training,

They are based in New York, where it has been so cold that pneumatic drills were needed to plant the Easter flowers on Park Avenue, and their progress has been seriously delayed.

The place where horses have been able to train is Maryland, and down in the Chesapeake country they have made the most of it. Solo Landing headquartered at Pimlico, and prior to last week's Bay Shore he had managed five straight wins, including the Swift and two other stakes, for Owner-Trainer Guy Buri. He was at the very peak of his form and he went into the Bay Shore as a legitimate 7-to-10 favorite. Damascus, on the other hand, was making only his second start of the year and only the sixth in his short career. The outlook for him last Saturday was not promising, a fact reflected in his 5-to-2 odds.

Early on the morning of the Bay Shore, Damascus stood quietly in stall 6, barn 8 at Aqueduct. His trainer, Frank Whiteley, picked his way from the track through melting snow and thick mud and took a long look at his big horse, a bay son of Sword Dancer out of the My Bahu mare, Kerala. "He's about 16 hands and has about as perfect conformation as you can find in a horse," Whiteley said. "He's always been sound, and although he's still pretty green and unseasoned, he has no bad habits."

There are few horsemen endowed with Frank Whiteley's gift of patience and eye for perfection. A few years ago he made a national name for himself with Raymond Guest's Tom Rolfe, who won the Preakness and who probably should have won the Derby and Belmont as well. And now he has Damascus, who could prove to be better than Tom.

Damascus is owned by Mrs. Thomas Bancroft of New York. If her name is not familiar, her racing colors of white with red dots should be. Mrs. Bancroft, the former Edith Woodward, is the daughter of the late chairman of The Jockey Club, William Woodward Sr., and a sister of the late William Woodward Jr. After her brother was killed in a gruesome shooting accident in 1955 there was a dispersal sale of all the Woodward Thoroughbred holdings, but Edith Bancroft retained the Belair Stud silks, which were famous at the time on the frame of Eddie Arcaro as he rode to victory after victory aboard Nashua. (The most notable win of the Nashua-



A STRIDE FROM THE FINISH, DAMASCUS AND SHOEMAKER ARE BOTH AT THEIR EARLY

Arcaro team was over Swaps and Bill Shoemaker in the Washington Park match race of 1955, and, ironically, it was Shoemaker who last week brought Belair's white with red dots back to an appreciative New York audience.)

Edith Bancroft has a no-nonsense stable of six horses in training with Whiteley and an additional six yearlings at a Middleburg, Va., training center. "She is a wonderful person to train for," says Frank, who has a few set—and successful—ideas of his own about the way a horse should be prepared for the almost year-round campaign that American Thoroughbreds are subjected to. "In racing you never know if you're right or wrong. It is all very unpredictable. Still, I believe horses cannot run all year. I do not press them too hard at 2, and I give them the winter off. I did this with Tom Rolfe, and I have done it with Damascus. I never like to compare horses, but at this stage of their respective careers Damascus is not as seasoned as Tom was [Tom Rolfe had 10 starts at 2, compared to four for Damascus] but this colt comes up here fresh and ready. If he weren't, he wouldn't be here."

Damascus is fresh because of Whiteley's careful planning. Last season the colt did not start until Sept. 28, and he finished second. He won his next two by eight and 12 lengths respectively, and in his first stakes race, the Remsen on Nov. 30, Shoemaker got him home a winner by a length and a half over Native Guide. The third finisher that day was none other than Reflected Glory, hero of the Flamingo and heavy favorite for this week's Florida Derby at Gulfstream. "After that I gave him five weeks off," says Whiteley. "I took him to Camden, S.C., on Jan. 3, and for two months all he had was nice, long, slow pallops."

In his first race this year, on March 11 at Pimlico, Damascus won by a head despite a lot of trouble. "He tried to prop, and then he jumped three puddles along the way," explains Whiteley. "Forty yards from the wire the second horse, Solar Bomb, knocked him nearly sideways, but he still won." After that it was more training at Laurel while the New York opposition was being frustrated by snow and ice, and then came last week's Bay Shore.

In the mud Disciplinarian, who had beaten Tumble Wind seven lengths in the slop at Santa Anita, figured to go

to the front, and he promptly did, followed by Solo Landing and Sun Gala together. Shoemaker quickly got Damascus into fourth place and then began to test him. He took him back, then tried running him a little inside, and then outside. "He was still green," said Shoe later, "and he jumped up and down a few times when all that mud hit him in the face. But along about the three-sixteenths pole I got into him pretty good. I hit him both left-handed and right-handed, and he just took off." So he did, pulling away from a tiring Disciplinarian in the stretch and winning by two and a half lengths without much more strain than he would show in one of those Camden gallops. Solo Landing finished a distant fourth.

Damascus was soon on his way back to Laurel for more Whiteley training, but he is scheduled to return to Aqueduct for both the Gotham and the Wood Memorial before going on to Kentucky. Well, maybe Kentucky. "Who said anything about Kentucky?" says Whiteley. "We have a little more idea about Damascus now, but we wouldn't want to go to Churchill Downs just for the ride or for the sake of running. If Damascus is good enough we'll go."

"I don't know if he's good enough or not," says Shoemaker, "but the way he put it in the last 16th he was running like a champ today. I'm going back to Florida to ride Tumble Wind in that Derby, but I have my doubts that he wants to go any real distance. I've been waiting all winter to get back on Damascus, and now I don't want to get off him. He's the best 3-year-old I've seen this year."

So keen had Shoemaker been to test Damascus in the Bay Shore—worth a paltry \$28,600 and only \$1,859 to the winning jockey—that he passed up a mount the same day on Tumble Wind's stablemate, Pretense, who won the \$137,600 Gulfstream Handicap and earned substitute jockey John Sellers \$9,760.

Outside the jocks' room at Aqueduct late Saturday a man was puffing on a large cigar and waiting for a friend. "You know," he said with a smile, "Casimiro's opening winter-book Derby odds on Damascus were 12 to 1. They know me out there, and I got down at 15 to 1." The man with the cigar was Harry Silbert. He is jockey agent for William Shoemaker.

EWB

shopping list for smart golfers

Bag Boy

The "world's favorite golf cart" for more than 25 years, the Bag is the quality cart that's loaded with golf accessories. Three models, priced at \$26.95, \$34.95, and \$42.95. Special at only

\$29.95



Clubster

club carrier

The favorite for golfers looking for a combination cart and bag. Openly instant gelcoat. Two self-standing models. Deluxe at \$44.95, in black only, and Clubster in red, white or blue for

\$39.95



Play Day

economy cart. The world's finest economy golf cart, loaded with luxury cart features. Two great models. One for \$24.95 and Play Day at

\$19.95

At leading golf and professional shops and sporting goods and department stores everywhere

JARMAN Company



5675 Lake Road
Portland, Oregon 97222

There was nothing they could do about Lew

Partner switching was rampant before the Vanderbilt began, but when the musical chairs had ended, there was one man who was right back where he started, a winner last year and a winner again, Lew Mathe

Bridge is a partnership game, they say, but one of the intriguing things about big-tittle tournament bridge in the U.S. is that rarely does a partnership remain one for very long. That, at least, is what the pairings suggested last week in Seattle, where the Vanderbilt Cup, the most esteemed team competition in this country, and several other national championships were being competed for by some surprising combinations of players.

For example, at one point during the Men's Team event I could have been seen playing two boards as the partner of Oswald Jacoby. For years Ossie and I barely said hello. And who was the unlikely Jacoby partner for whom I subbed for those two deals? None other than Tobias Stone. So where was Alvin Roth, the star with whom Stone had written a book called *Bridge Is a Partnership Game*? Well, Stone and Roth's partnership had broken up almost before the last copies of the book trickled off the presses. And what had happened to last year's Vanderbilt Cup winners? Every one of the five members of that squad was now playing on a different team. This diffusion meant that the odds were that one of them would win the Vanderbilt again—but which one?

Perhaps the answer should have been expected, for the sole repeat winner turned out to be Lew Mathe of Los Angeles, gruff, unpredictable and able as ever, who had surrounded himself with a fine team of Westerners: Ron Von der Porten, Michael Lawrence and Lew Stansby from the San Francisco area, Jim Jacoby of Dallas and G. Robert Nail of Houston.

Mathe and his crew had played superbly or bridge going into the final, and they continued to do so to the very end, defeating in the 72-deal last session an experienced team headed by George

Rapee, though by a mere 16 international match points.

Every match as close as this one produces its might-have-been hands—and situations. This Vanderbilt final was no exception. The cup was decidedly still on the line with the last set of 18 hands about to begin, when an intense discussion arose as to which of Rapee's five players would be benched for the crucial deals.

Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, using their Big Club convention in a well-established partnership, had played throughout. Rapee and Sidney Lazard had been very effective for their team and Rapee thought that they should continue. But Paul Levitt, a fine young player, needed to play the last session in order to qualify for the International Team Trials next fall. Schenken appeared a bit weary—understandably, since he is 63—but Rapee had to wonder if it was wise to bench a man who had won more Vanderbilts than any other player and who would ordinarily be considered the team's top star. After much thought Rapee decided to ask

Schenken to sit it out. But Schenken protested, and to resolve the dilemma Rapee finally concluded it would be best to bench himself.

One result of this was that when a potential big swing hand came (*below left*) Leventritt was in the action seat. He made a lead that no one could fault—but a different one would have won the cups.

Levitt and Lazard, for the Rapee team, reached the same contract in the other room. It was not doubled, the diamond jack was opened and the result of plus 620 seemed to be routine.

Schenken's double was not lead-directing; it was made because he expected to beat the hand—and so he would have with any reasonable lead other than a diamond. Declarer would then have to lose one club, one heart and two spade tricks. But the normal lead of the jack of diamonds gave declarer a finesse he could not have taken for himself. Two of dummy's spades were discarded on declarer's two diamond tricks. Stansby lost only one spade, by leading toward his king, one club and one trump. He scored 790 for a five-IMP gain. Had the contract been defeated 200 points, the 820-point gain by Rapee would have been worth 13 IMPs, for a net swing of 18 on the deal.

The other big turning points in the match were two slams bid by Mathe and Von der Porten, who were easily the star performers of the winning team. On one of these deals, which came early, the swing hinged on a misunderstanding between Lazard and Rapee over the always dangerous maneuver of cue-bidding in partner's suit.

Rapee assumed that the club suit had been agreed upon as trumps and he cued the ace of diamonds on the way to the club slam. But Lazard unaccountably passed five diamonds, a hopeless

Both sides vulnerable Last dealer		NORTH		EAST	
		♠ J 9 6 3		♠ A 10 8 5	
		♥ J 10 7 3 2		♥ A	
		♦		♦ 8 6 3	
		♣ Q 10 8 3		♣ A 7 6 4	
WEST		NORTH		EAST	
♠ Q 4		♠ 8 7 2		♠ 8 7 2	
♥ 6 5		♥ 8 Q 9 8 4		♥ 2	
♦ J 10 8 5 1		♦ A Q 7 2		♦ 3	
♣ 8 2		♣		♣	
EAST (Schlenker)		SOUTH (Stansby)		WEST (Lawrence)	
1 ♠		1 ♥		2 ♠	
PASS		1 ♥		PASS	
10H		PASS		PASS	

Opening lead: jack of diamonds

North side (dummy)
South dealer

NORTH			
7 2			
A Q 7 6 5 3			
A			
K Q 5 4			
WEST			
K J 6 2			
K 9 8 4 2			
7 5			
A 7			
EAST			
Q 10 9 8 4			
J 10 8 6 3			
J 9 3			
SOUTH			
A 5			
J 10			
K Q 9 4 2			
A 10 6 2			
NORTH (dummy)			
1 ♠			
2 ♣			
3 ♠			
PASS			
WEST (dealer)			
PASS			
2 ♣			
PASS			
PASS			
NORTH (dummy)			
1 ♠			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			

Opening lead: 2 of spades

contract (above). He won the spade ace, played to the ace of diamonds and back to the ace of clubs. The king and queen of diamonds produced the had news. South led the heart jack, and when West ducked, he went up with dummy's ace. This cost an extra trick of little moment. East ruffed and cashed the high diamond and a spade trick. South discarded his remaining heart on the next spade, ruffed the fourth spade and won the rest in clubs for down two.

Mathe and Von der Porten hid it smoothly.

SOUTH (Mathe)			
1 ♠			
PASS			
2 ♠			
PASS			
PASS			
WEST (Von der Porten)			
1 ♠			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			
NORTH (dummy)			
1 ♠			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			
EAST (Von der Porten)			
1 ♠			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			

Schenken got the heart opening for which he had doubled and he ruffed the trick—but Mathe had not made the mistake of playing dummy's ace. Mathe won the spade return with the ace and led a trump to dummy's queen. Schenken had ruffed the first trick with the 9 of clubs and now he falsecarded on the trump lead by dropping the jack. But after cashing the diamond ace, South had no way of getting out of dummy to repeat the heart finesse except by leading a second trump. Schenken's falsecarding was thus almost accidentally exposed. With the situation now clear, Mathe had the rest of the tricks and he soon had his second successive win in the Vanderbilt as well.

END



THE WHISKEY TASTER is head of quality control at Jack Daniel's, for he decides when our whiskey has been properly smoothed out.

He works in the Charcoal Mellowing house. Here, he tastes the whiskey just as it comes from charcoal-filled vats. It's up to him to say when the charcoal has served its purpose and when the vat should be refilled with fresh charcoal. Our whiskey's sippin' standards were set up long before him, by Jack Daniel himself. And a sip, we feel, will tell you our taster has done a good job following Mr. Jack's lead.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
BY DROP

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 50 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 324) TENN.

© 1987 Jack Daniel Distillery, Inc.





Not a Park to Go Barefoot in

The Ten Thousand Islands, half of which are in Florida's Everglades National Park, are a maze of waterways and heavy growth that abounds in fish, snakes, alligators, wild birds—and some pretty wild people

BY JACK OLSEN

CONTINUED

Thomas B. Allen

You drive 80 miles west from Miami, across that great sponge called the Everglades, past the signs advertising **ABROAD RICH** and **ALLIGATOR WRESTLING** and **INDIAN VILLAGES** and **SNAKES**, and just when the Tamiami Trail begins curving back toward civilization, toward frosty places like Tampa and Nashville and Chicago and Anchorage, you take a hard left on Florida Route 29. The two-lane road runs for eight or 10 miles to the south, and then it quits at a dead end in a region loosely known as the Ten Thousand Islands, a nearly unspoiled wilderness that barely shades man, teems with snook and redfish and tarpon, is scented with wild orchids, water lilies and hibiscus and watched over by rattlesnakes and alligators and crocodiles. No city-sassy tenderfeet need apply.

Here on the edge of Everglades National Park, in an area uncontaminated by hordes of tourists, the natives take their living from the swamps and the sea. There are shrimpers and mackerel fishermen, crab potters and gill netters, families that serve wild turkey for Thanksgiving dinner and every other chance they get, poachers who jacklight alligators by night. The few villages here look like sets by Jo Mielzimer for plays by Tennessee Williams. An abandoned market hakes in the ferocious sun; hurricane-wrecked shrimp boats and dinghies slowly rot into the weeds along tidal creeks, and cattle egrets patrol abandoned lawns looking for snacks.

This is where the fresh water meets the salt, the "vital zone" where life abounds. The water seeps out of the Everglades, gets up a head in rivers like the Harney, the Shark and Lostmans and pulses in a reddish-chocolate color through the mangrove forests of the Ten Thousand Islands into the Gulf of Mexico. With few exceptions, the land lies only five or six feet above sea level, and many of the houses are perched on stilts to allow occasional floods to swirl underneath. Some say the area is misnamed, that there are at least 17,000 islands at low tide, ranging from 6,000 acres down to a few square feet of oyster shell, in a line about 80 miles long and 10 miles wide down the coast. Edged with mangrove trees, matted and thick and propped up on their roots, the islands form a maze of waterways: sounds and bays and tidal creeks, rivers and lakes and inlets, and never the same from one year to the next. "These islands change with every storm," says Homer Rhodes, naturalist and fisherman, who has been around the area most of his life. "Islands disappear, passies and creeks either get bigger or die out, and you have to stay on your toes when you're cruising out there."

Bird watchers are the most frequent visitors, and fishermen next, and all of them are accepted with bemused tolerance by the locals. Once in a while there is a direct and abrasive meeting, mostly the result of different approaches to conservation. "Sometime an outsider'll come in here and try to catch out every fish in the water," a local guide explains. "We don't like that, and we tell 'em so. Then, on

the other hand, there's the young boy from Everglades City that guided a party from the National Audubon Society up the creeks one day. After they'd saw about a skillion kinds of birds, one little old lady said, 'Now tell us, sonny, which bird do you like the best?' And the kid said, 'Well, ma'am, the truth is most of these birds is too fishy. The white ibis I guess is the best. Like half chicken, half beef.' That woman gave a little yelp, and she says, 'You mean to say you eat the white ibis?' And the kid says, 'Why, yes, ma'am, ever'body around here eats 'em.' The lady hollers, 'You take us back this instant!' She says, 'This instant!'

The white ibis, or "Chokoloskee chicken," as it is locally known, has been a staple item of diet in the Ten Thousand Islands for 100 years, and although it is strictly forbidden to kill anything except fish in the Everglades National Park, the consumption of white ibis remains a constant among the locals. "It is truly amazing," said an oldtimer, "how many of them birds gets themselves run over by cars and boats and things nowadays."

"An't nothin' in the world tastes so good," says Fishing Guide Walter Brown, who lives in a trailer on one of the islands. "I've eat just about every kind of bird there is, and I haven't come to anything that can beat our white ibis. And after you fry 'em you mix the drippings with flour and water, and you got yourself the best thick brown gravy there is."

Park Ranger James Denslow, an intense young man who will unleash a 30-minute lecture on conservation at the drop of a hint, says he knows why the bird is so delicious. "Look what they feed on: snails, shrimp, crayfish, all delicacies themselves. The natives shot some rookeries to pieces years ago. There were flocks of thousands and thousands in the old days, and when they were shot at they'd fly away and make a big circle a half a mile wide and settle right back down for the hunters to blast 'em again. Now there still are a lot of white ibis in the park, but only a fraction of what there used to be."

The bird life of the Ten Thousand Islands, especially in the southern two-thirds within the boundaries of Everglades National Park, is so rich and variegated as to make bird watchers choke with emotion and natives salivate. "Friend of mine was out paddling one day," Guide Douglas House said, "when he shot a wild turkey on one of the islands. My friend paddled up to shore, and what did he see but the turkey standing there! So he chased it down and wrung its neck. On the way back to his boat, he stepped over the turkey he shot! That same guy killed 42 coots on one blast of No. 6 shot. Course, it takes a lot of coots to make a meal. All you do is cut out the breast and throw the rest away."

Walter Brown chimed in, "If you serve 'em that way you're missin' the best part. What you ought to do is take out the gizzard and throw the rest away." *Charcut à son goût.*

continued

IT'S SPRINT TIME.

*MUSTANG SPORTS SPRINT
SALE NOW GOING ON!*



Specially equipped. Specially priced. Limited time only! See the latest, freshest versions of Mustang—with new GT hood, special wheel covers, in special Sprint time colors. Now's the time to get special Sprint time Sale values on all Mustangs—America's original (and still lowest priced) sports car with bucket seats. Sprint, don't walk, to your Ford dealer's today. IT'S SPRINT TIME. Time to take the Mustang Pledge!

the original
 **MUSTANG**



American Airlines proudly announces Astro-Color.

Now we seat you within 5 rows
of a movie in color.

Since one screen is enough for the Rialto
down on the corner, you'd think one would be
enough for us.

But it isn't.

A 707 isn't exactly a theater.

You can't black it out.

Which means some of the color and bril-
liance of a hit movie are lost on that long trip
from the projector to the screen.

Astro-Color does away with that long trip.

We've put 14 Astro-Color screens through-
out the plane.

And every one has its own projector—just
18 inches away.

Instead of diffusing the picture, Astro-
Color concentrates it on the screen. With all
the color, detail and brilliance you expect in
the Rialto itself.

And, American seats you "down front"
—wherever you sit. Within 5 rows of a screen
in coach, 3 in first class.

It took years to develop Astro-Color—
and you'll find it only on American Airlines.

In fact, you can find Astro-Color now on se-
lected transcontinental flights.

May we show you to your seat?

**American built an airline
for professional travellers.**
(And you'll love it.)

Call for COTTON...Tom Sawyer/Elderado did

You needn't ship off to Africa to enjoy this Safari outfit. Wear it around the club or around the corner. Like all authentic Safari outfits, this one is cotton. And for good reasons. Cotton is cool, sturdy, comfortable—the action fabric. Whether you're hunting for smartness, pleasure or dependability you've found it with cotton. Jacket in cotton canvas as shown; boys 6 to 20, about \$13.00, young men's S, M, L, about \$15.00. Cotton canvas Western slacks as shown; boys 6 to 12, about \$6.00, prep 27 to 30, about \$7.00, young men's 28 to 36, about \$8.00. Blue denim shirt as shown; boys 6 to 20, about \$4.00, young men's small, medium and large, about \$5.00. At B. Altman, New York; Stewart's, Louisville, Ky., and other fine stores. COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12354, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112.



Ten Thousand Islands *continued*

A trip through the area of the Ten Thousand Islands usually produces at least one major bird-watching breakthrough. The brown pelican, now dying out along much of the Gulf Coast, comes plummeling into the water from 60 feet up and hits with all the grace and dignity of a fat man off a high board. More than once on trips into the Ten Thousand Islands I jerked my head around to see what was attacking the boat, only to find a brown pelican bobbing to the surface, licking his chops and burping softly. Almost all the water birds of the island area are skilled fishermen, but the smartest money is on the white pelican, a huge bird that summers in national parks like Grand Teton and Yellowstone and winters in Everglades National Park, thus remaining on the federal payroll all his life. Not content to dive and grab an occasional solitary fish, the white pelicans band together and form a line across tidal creeks or bays. At a signal from the foreman, they begin to swim forward and beat their heavy beaks on the water. The commotion drives frightened baitfish into pockets, where the pelicans can relax and enjoy an urbane meal.

My own favorite island species is the anhinga, a bird so scrawny that he bears the name of snakebird. The anhinga spots his prey, dives beneath the water to chase it down and spears the fish with his sharp beak. Back on the surface, he has a problem: his mouth is held shut by the meal he wants to eat. Presto! The anhinga flips the fish into the air, catches it head downward and swallows it whole. Now another problem arises. The anhinga lacks the heavy oil of most aquatic birds, and every time he goes on a sea hunt he gets drenched to the skin. So at the conclusion of each meal the anhinga hauls himself out of the water

and hangs himself out to dry. Whenever I see an anhinga go through all these procedures, I think what a hit he'd have been on the old Orpheum circuit.

Sometimes there is a price for the performance, even in the Ten Thousand Islands. There are dangers and discomforts to be endured, and they keep a certain natural check and balance on the number of visitors. The area will never become another Coney Island. Simply to take a boat out in the island waters is to invite casual entanglement with all sorts of perils, including shoals and oyster bars hidden by the discolored water. The best bet is to go with a local guide, but even that practice does not guarantee safety.

"For six years I guided a man from the Cadillac company in Michigan," Walter Brown recalls. "One day we were going up one of those narrow mangrove canals, and the man was down in the bottom of the boat to keep from getting hit by the branches. All of a sudden he jumps right out of the boat! I killed the motor real quick, and there I seen a big cottonmouth moccasin layin' in the boat where it had fell off one of those branches. I taken the oar and raked the snake out, and he just swam right up under the limb that man was settin' on. The man grabbed a handful of leaves and threw it at the snake, and I kept whackin' away with the oar, and the more I whacked the closer the snake got to that poor fellow. Finally I cut the snake in two and got the man in the boat. He said, 'Go back to the dock!' That was the last word I ever heard that man speak. He paid his bill, gave me a \$10 tip and drove off. He's not been back since."

Even the alligator, normally the gentlest of animals, can cause trouble in the Ten Thousand Islands region, at least

continued

Bird watchers are the most frequent visitors to the Ten Thousand Islands. The bird life there is so rich and varied as to make watchers choke with emotion.



if certain fundamental rules are not observed. "Rule No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 is never, never, never block off a alligator's path to the water," says Walter Brown. "If one is layin' on the bank sunnin', if you put your boat up against that bank, in between the water and the gator, you're askin' for it. He's goin' in that water. I don't know what's gonna happen to you, but he's goin' in."

"I been in a boat one day where some people pushed it next to a bank where about a 12- or 14-foot gator was sunnin', and that gator come arunnin' down that bank just as hard as he could, and he landed plumb in the middle of that boat. He swished his tail about three times and blistered the side of my face, and when he finally got out there wasn't a camera, a chair, a gas tank, a engine box or nothin' else left intact in that boat."

The boatman must be on a constant alert for alligators (and for that matter, crocodiles, also native to the area, but much rarer). "It's not that they're about to bite you," says Captain Ted Smallwood, who has spent his lifetime in the area. "They're shy and quiet, mostly, but that don't mean you're not gonna ruin your boat if you run over one. Last summer, when I first got one of those big 90-hp engines for my small boat, I was down in the Harney River guiding this old lady, and we're doing about 40 miles an hour when she says to me, 'Captain, are there any alligators in here?' And I said, 'No, ma'am, all the poachers and outlaws already killed 'em on account of it's a national park here now, and when they made in a park they made the price of alligator hides go up,' and I says, 'I haven't seen one of any size in several months,' and about that time she says, 'Captain, what's that lying out there in the water?' And there he was, lying crosswise, about 10 foot of alligator, and it was too late to turn, and I mean to tell you I lowered the boom on him. Jerked all the bolts out of the lower unit of my engine and bent it all to pieces. Didn't help that alligator worth a doodey-squat, either."

Whatever the alligator population in the Ten Thousand Islands (and some say it is down drastically, despite state and federal protection), it remains high enough to attract poachers. Whenever the night is dark enough, gator hunters go out in their small, powerful boats and cast bright searchlight beams into the mangrove forests, looking for the golden glows that show an alligator's eyes. "And it's next to impossible to catch 'em," says a park official. "They blind the gator and shoot him, usually with a hand gun. Then they gaff him, quickly slit that bellyskin off, dump the carcass over the side, salt and roll up the skin and stack it in a flour sack. Whole thing takes only a few minutes. If we get anywhere near, all the evidence goes over the side and we've got no case. Why, they even carry mops to mop the blood off the boat! And when they do get convicted it only costs 'em a night's profit, anyway."

Some idea of the extent of the local alligator hunting may be gained from a short conversation I held in the Everglades City drugstore with a boy of about 10. We were discussing conservation, and the boy said, "It's a awful

thing. My daddy, he says those outlaws got the gators plumb caught out of there. Hardly a gator left anymore. My daddy, he says it's a darn shame the way those poachers has taken advantage of nature."

"Well," I said. "I understand they get \$6 a foot for the hides."

"No, sir," the boy said quickly. "We get five."

The worst offender is a man who lives in the heart of the Ten Thousand Islands area and makes almost his entire living from alligators. "I don't think he's got enough good sense to stop," says a park ranger. "He's pulling a lot of crazy stunts with a new rig he's got—a 14-foot skiff with a 100-hp Mercury in it. Can you imagine? That dad-gum boat goes every way but upside down sometimes, and he just may kill himself and solve a lot of problems for everybody around. But before he gets himself killed he's trying to teach everybody else in his family how to poach. And in his spare time he goes out and poaches fish, or he'll bust in on the mullet fishermen and break up their schools, or he'll threaten to shoot somebody. He's just a mean man."

The presence of at least one "mean man" seems to be a tradition in the Ten Thousand Islands, dating back to 60 and 70 years ago, when there was no law around and citizens policed themselves, usually haphazardly. The original "mean man" seems to have been Ed Watson, a heavy-weight, red-bearded immigrant who came into the area in the 1890s after killing the outlaw woman Belle Starr or three men in Georgia, depending on who is telling the story. Watson appropriated a rich plot of land, where he planted cane and manufactured syrup. In those days escaped convicts frequently found their way to the Ten Thousand Islands, and most of them wound up working for Watson, who paid them off at the end of the growing season with a knife blade in the throat. The seat of government was at Key West, 90 miles across the water, and one of the area's early law-enforcement officers won his job by promising to bring in the notorious killer. He headed north and stayed away for a month and was laughed out of office when word got out that he had spent the time working on Watson's plantation and had barely got out alive. Ultimately, Watson died a Caesarian death. A posse of his friends and neighbors cornered him on the boat landing of C.S. (Ted) Smallwood, father of the area's present citizen of the same name, and gunned him down. "I think Ed Watson killed very few that didn't need killing," says the easy-going Captain Smallwood. "He wasn't too bad of a guy. He was just one of those that when he told you he'd do anything he would do it, and he depended on you being the same way. If you didn't, he'd just kill you. That's all they was to it. They say it was my great-grandfather on my mother's side of the house is supposed to have been the one that fired the first shot in. Course, I think if they'd of shot my great-grandfather, too, everybody'd of been better off."

Until a road was built into the region in the 1920s the Ten Thousand Islands were filled with quaint types on the order of Ed Watson. One of the early guides to the wilder-

Simply to take a boat out is to invite entanglement with all sorts of perils, including shoals and oyster bars. The best bet is to take a guide, but even then there is danger.



ness area, Captain Bill Collier, used to instruct would-be visitors: "If you meet anybody in the islands, tell 'em quick your name, what you're doing there and where you're headed. Don't ask them their names or what they're doing."

If the visitor wanted a guide to fish the area or study the wildlife, he cruised around the islands looking for one of the natives. According to one elderly resident, "You could get a local guide to take you out all day for a dollar, but if he snuffed around and found you had whiskey with you, nothing would happen till it was consumed. And I mean *nothing* would happen, including you leaving."

Battles over water rights and fishing privileges were settled with guns, knives and fists. Nets were pulled up and cut, houses were burned and men were killed. On those few occasions when the government managed to put chained markers in place, they were either ripped out or moved to shoals, where they would lure strangers aground. This kept outsiders from poaching and added an occasional bonanza in the form of a rich haul from a wrecked boat. Moonshining was a major preoccupation; sometimes the bootleggers would use too much Red Devil Lye in the batch, and "the stuff was so strong it would lather like soap when rubbed up in the hands," an early inhabitant wrote. At the southern tip of the islands the local brew became known as Cape Sable Augerdent, and when Van Campen Heilner sampled some of it in 1919, he said, "I thought I had been drinking carbolic acid."

Nowadays, except for a little poaching, communities like Everglades City and Chokoloskee and the other villages of the Ten Thousand Islands are many times more law-abiding

than such communities as New York or Chicago, and yet some of the earlier attitudes prevail. Lawmen are distrusted. In some vague way park rangers are the enemy. "Most of the people think that the rangers are personally nice people," says a local mackerel fisherman, "but they resent being told what to do by anybody, nice people or not. The majority of us don't do any poaching, just seven or eight or so, but most of the people are against the rangers anyway, because the rangers bring rules." The local people are also foursquare against the intruders of the 20th century, especially those that raise the decibel level in their sleepy little hamlets. "I'm a swamp rat," Captain Ted Smallwood says proudly, "and by the time you get my age you know what'll kill you quicker'n anything else? Noise. Noise and aggravation. Pure damn nausea from the noise. That's the reason I live out here in the swamps. I go to town and it makes me crazy. Wouldn't want to make my living in a town. A feller ought to have enough brains to make a living where it's quiet, that's the way I look at it."

A Ten Thousand Islands guide like Smallwood is a good companion as long as he is guiding you, but don't expect him to spill the local secrets: where the best fishing holes are, when the snook are running, where the new snags are, etc. I fished with young and affable Douglas House for a week, and we built a pleasant friendship, but I strained it one day when I asked him: "Douglas, show me on the map where we caught those snook the other day, will you?" He looked at me as though I were some kind of traitor prepared to betray him and said absolutely nothing.

"It's all right, Douglas," said his Aunt Clara. "You can

John Ward

Listen!

Do you really need concert hall sound in your living room?

Probably not.

As a matter of fact, you might not even like it. Besides, you really don't need a wall full of speakers to be a pretty sophisticated component high owner.

And you don't have to learn the language of the audiophile to buy wisely.

Follow these four simple rules:

1. Before you shop, decide whether you want just background music or if you'll be doing critical listening.
2. When setting a budget, don't skimp on the speakers. They're equally as important as the other components.
3. Determine whether bookshelf or floor-standing speakers best harmonize with your decor.
4. Listen to the entire component system you plan to buy to be certain it creates a pleasing sound to your ears.

A good place to start is at your Jensen dealer. He'll help you put together a package that makes sense for you.

You might insist on Jensen speakers, because no matter what price range you choose, you can be sure they are the best you can buy.

(Incidentally, we do make speakers for concert halls, Lincoln Center chose ours.)

jensen

Jensen Manufacturing Division, The Moxy Company
6402 South Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60636

Ten Thousand Islands *continued*

show the man. He's leaving in a few days."

Douglas ran his finger to a place on the map that even I knew was a phony. "Has to be that way," Douglas explained later. "It's not the fish that get caught that bother us. It's the way everybody runs into the same hole with those powerful engines and scares all the fish off. Then we have to start finding 'em all over again."

Another guide says, "Sometimes folks hires us to find out where our favorite holes are, and then they go out and find 'em alone the next day. Well, ain't none of us gettin' rich guidin'. Most of us live in trailers or little houses, and even though we're fishin' the best snook and tarpon grounds you can find, we're still not chargin' as much as other guides other places. So we got to protect what we know. I remember one day I took out this guy and we caught snook till his arm was sore, and all of a sudden he says,

Say, what's the name of this place?" And I said, "Well, there's some cabbage palms in here, so this must be Cabbage Bay." Which I really knew the name of it, but I wasn't tellin'. So the next day he asks some guy to take him to Cabbage Bay, and when they get to the real Cabbage Bay they had a hell of a fight about it. "This is it!" the one guy said, and the other guy said, "No, it ain't! I was just here yesterday!" But I didn't lie. I didn't tell him it was Cabbage Bay. I said, "This must be Cabbage Bay 'cause there's cabbage palms in here."

One guide took four fishermen to a secret redfish hole deep in the islands and then watched in mounting annoyance as his customers proceeded to haul in the pruned fish by the dozens. "It was gettin' to be a bad situation, but they'd paid for the boat and there's no legal limit on redfish, and they had a right to take what they wanted. But they was cleanin' out my private hole! So when I thought they wasn't payin' attention I lifted the anchor a few inches and let the boat slowly drift out of the hole. You know what those stupid redfish done? They followed the baits! Wound up, those hogs caught 400 fish. I was filleting fish for 'em till my hands was raw. Took another party to the same place

the next day and didn't catch but two."

"You'd be surprised how many of these so-called sportsmen go crazy when they get back in those islands and see all the fish they are," says Walter Brown. "They want to take over the limit, and I tell 'em either to put 'em back or they're gonna go to jail, one. They catch four snook, which there is a four-a-day limit on snook, and then they want to catch another limit. Why, I've earned out parties that caught enough trout or reds to take 'em back to Miami and sell 'em for \$90, \$100. And then the next party comes along and gets skunked. No wonder we're mistrustful of outsiders."

On one of my last trips with young Douglas House I found out that the people of the Ten Thousand Islands are not only "mistrustful" of outsiders. We left Everglades City on the low tide, and on a one-hour run to one of Douglas' favorite hangouts for the battling snook we managed to break six shear pins, those replaceable little bolts that give way like a fuse whenever the propeller hits something hard. Around the Ten Thousand Islands a propeller is usually ruined in about five trips, Douglas explained, and even the most experienced old hands occasionally wipe out the lower units of their engines on "storm snags," waterlogged pieces of lumber that lie just below the surface.

"I don't know if we can make it across here," Douglas said, as we came to a shallow bay. "The wind's got the water all blown out." His method of attacking the problem consisted of revving up the 50-hp outboard engine to full speed in an attempt to plane high over the shallow spots. He would head for a seemingly solid row of mangroves at a speed in the neighborhood of 40 mph, and at the last second, when my life was flashing before my eyes, he would tuck us into a tiny pass between islands and out the other side. For a time we were having an informal race with another boat, until the competitor took one hole through a row of trees and we took another. From behind the screen of mangroves we heard a thump, followed by an extraordinary whine of the engine, followed by silence. "He found the oyster bar!" Douglas said. A few minutes later we came to

a deep channel, and suddenly the front of the boat slammed upward and I was propelled three feet into the air, landing in a huddle in the bottom of the boat. Douglas smiled "Porpoise!" he shouted. I had hardly recovered my seat when he was planning after a manatee, the sea cow that works along the bottom eating vegetation. A linear series of surface whirlpools showed where the manatee had escaped to a deep hole. "Just a baby," Douglas said. "Maybe one or two hundred pounds."

"How do they taste?" I asked without thinking.

"They say they're like tender beef," Douglas said. "That's what they eat."

Our fishing hole turned out to be a narrow tidal stream, full of sunken logs, rocks and other menaces. Halfway up the creek was a shell bank about 15 feet high, and Douglas explained that it was one of the favorite gathering places of the diamondback rattlesnake, the big bopper of the species. Only a few days earlier, Douglas said, a friend of his had spotted a seven-foot diamondback swimming the stream right where we were fishing. "Gee, Douglas, that's really interesting," I said, carefully lifting my dangling legs back into the boat. A few minutes later I was hush so hard by a horsefly that I yelped in reflex.

"Quiet!" Douglas said. "You'll scare the fish." He explained that this creek was loaded with snook, but that they were "flightier" than most, perhaps because there were so many of them. The trick of fishing this creek, he said, was to go when no one else was around, remain quiet, take your limit and get out before anybody else spotted you. Otherwise the place would become overrun with fishermen and the snook would leave.

For two hours we hooked snook, normally among the rarest of sport fish, as though they were trout in a hatchery. A shower of minnows would pop out of the water along a spread of tangled branches and I would drop a surface plug near the same spot, and whack! another snook would hit. We kept a pair of three-pounders for dinner and lost the prize of the day—a 10-pounder that broke my line on his fourth jump and went swimming off with a \$1.65 plug in his

continued



The "Slippery Racket" Fling

Pennsylvania suggests this handicapping system which capitalizes on the fact that you could be working up a sweat. Racket flies out of your hand upon execution of a shot . . . preferably a hard, flat forehand. Your opponent is understandably confused by the simultaneous approach of ball and racket. Several flings aimed his way and he'll become net-shy—a set up for a killing drop shot. Important point: Make great show of drying hand on towel after execution of maneuver.



The **Pennsylvania** Centre Court Advantage

The cardinal principle of wily tennis is to tip the scales to your benefit. What better way than to play the famous Pennsylvania Centre Court ball? Its precision balance, true bounce and durability amplify any winning strategy. Pair it with the lethal, new Centre Court racket. And you'll be twice as likely to win. Buy them at any quality sporting goods store!

Get your copy of "Wily Tennis by Pennsylvania" free with your next can of Centre Courts wherever quality sporting goods are sold. Or write Pennsylvania, P. O. Box 951, Akron, Ohio 44309, enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing.



PENNSYLVANIA BRAND
ATHLETIC PRODUCTS

MAKERS OF QUALITY ATHLETIC BALLS, GOLF EQUIPMENT AND WATER SKIS



The three favorites, above, in a hairpin turn. Left to right, a Ford Mark II (last year's winner), a Chaparral Chevrolet 2F, and a Ferrari P4. In endurance racing, the car that covers the greatest distance in a specified time is the winner. It doesn't happen often, but a "slow" car with great endurance can take the trophy.

Shell guide to Saturday's battle at Sebring

Shell reports on the Florida International Grand Prix of Endurance, in which each team has a free choice of oil—and where the three favorites have again chosen Shell.

What's an endurance race all about?

Read on for a fast briefing.



Tough Sebring course requires up to 40 gearshifts in one lap. Speeds range from 25 to 180 miles per hour, for 12 straight hours. Motor oil temperatures soar. Yet Shell motor oil has helped bring home the overall winner 13 times since the annual Sebring race was inaugurated in 1950.



In the famous Le Mans-type start, about 65 cars will line up according to speeds attained in qualifying trials. Fastest cars first. At 11 AM, the green flag drops and drivers sprint for cars.



The Sebring lap record is 2 min. 54.8 sec. (107.89 miles per hour). The winning car probably will

travel over 210 laps (one lap equals 5.2 miles) and over 1100 miles. Note: drivers are changed at least every four hours.



In a pit stop, no more than two mechanics can work on the car. Engines take a terrific beating. (Crankshafts spin up to 150 times a second—almost four times faster than your car's crankshaft at 60 miles per hour.) Yet the stop-and-go driving you do is actually tougher on a motor oil. Stop-and-go driving promotes acid wear and sludge buildup. Your car's engine needs *powerful long-term protection*. And it can get it with Super Shell Motor Oil.



"Racing's toughest 12-hour grind." The car that covers the greatest distance by 11 PM is the overall winner.



The favorites chose Shell motor oil for endurance racing. No matter what car you own or how you drive, Super Shell Motor Oil can help give *your* car's engine the powerful long-term protection it needs. Next time you add or change oil, just say "Super Shell Motor Oil, please"—and ride a winner.



If you're making a really dry martini, and you're not making it with Fleischmann's, you're not making it.

Fleischmann's.
The world's driest gin since 1870.

THE FLEISCHMANN DRY GIN, NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Nikon F, the choice of photo journalists the world over, the earnest camera for people in earnest about photography. Available with standard prism reflex finder or interchangeable Photomic T thru-the-lens meter system. See your dealer for details, or write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11533. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

Today there's almost no other choice.



Ten Thousand Islands *continued*

jaw. "Let's get on out of here," Douglas said, and began to pole us through the thick brush downstream. Around the first bend, about 50 yards from where we had been fishing, we came upon a fisherman and his guide, sitting there in dead silence. "How many you caught, Douglas?" the guide said.

"Don't think they're in here today," Douglas said. "Ain't caught any yet."

"You ain't told the truth today yet, either," the grizzled guide said.

As we poled farther down, Douglas whispered, "That's my father-in-law."

Tucked into the next cove we found another boat and another pair of silent fishermen. "Inny action, Douglas?" a young guide asked.

"Not yet," Douglas said. "Don't seem to be in here today."

Just then one of our captured snook slapped against the side of the fish well. Douglas coughed loudly. "We're going out and look for 'em," he said to the other guide. "What're you gonna do?"

"I'd sit right cheer and drink a soda with you all, if we had a soda," the man said.

"We ain't got but one between us," Douglas said, "or we'd share. You could go by the hermit's house and get some water."

"All he's got to drink is moonshine," said the other guide. "Last time I stopped there I didn't get home for a day and a half."

We moved along, and Douglas said, "That's my brother-in-law. Reckon you've noticed that everybody around here is kinfolk? Well, this was originally my father-in-law's spot, and he told me and my brother-in-law. That's how come we all to be here today."

I asked Douglas why he had—er, uh—lied to the very man who had shown him the spot. Didn't it make a difference to him that they were his own in-laws he was deceiving? Douglas said that when it came to fishing holes he didn't have any in-laws. Didn't have any mother or father or sisters or brothers. Or friends, either. He gave me a look, and I said, "Douglas, I haven't the vaguest idea where we are. You know that."

But I noticed he took us home by a different route.

END

You can do the movingest things in slacks and walk shorts, if there's Fortrel in them.

DAY'S sport casuals are designed to take the stress and strain of moving into a new bachelor pad. And a pad-warming session. Since these permanently pressed slacks and walk shorts are made of Fortrel polyester and cotton, they won't wrinkle as the night wears on. And the next morning, at least *they'll* be in great shape. Slacks in blue, gold, chili, ginger and olive, sizes 28-42. About \$9.00. Walk shorts in blue or gold, sizes 28-38. About \$7.00. At fine stores everywhere or for the one nearest you write: Day's, Tacoma, Washington.

Colanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co.

COLANESE FORTREL
THE FIBER THAT GETS BETTER

Add a fiber from Colanese and good things get better



Disappearing machine

Take that any way you want it. Corvette has a 300-horsepower V8 standard and five more engines, up to a 435-horsepower 427-cubic-inch ground shaker, to choose from. That's instant gone.

On the other hand, there's another way to disappear in a Sting Ray. On an empty road. Take off in a machine with manners like a polo pony and leave the rest of the world behind. With thoroughbred balance,

a fully independent suspension, disc brakes all around, and a sporting heritage, Corvette is from a different world. Its decisions are action decisions. Brake, clutch, shift and go. In a disappearing machine by Chevrolet.

Corvette



Sting Ray Coupe with dual master cylinder brake system and warning light for your added safety.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNDERCOVER GIRL

Sirs:

I wish to thank you and Bob Ottum for the fine article on Miss Peggy Fleming (*Crystal and Steel on the Ice*, March 13). I am pleased to see that Mr. Ottum and I are on the same wave length in thinking that watching Peggy Fleming go through her program is one of the more rewarding aspects of figure skating.

Miss Fleming is beauty and poetry on ice, and it is a delight to watch her skate. I also want to compliment Photographer John Zimmermann for his pictures of Peggy. They are among the finest I have ever seen. But I would like to register a complaint with the one who selects your covers. Anyone who picks the Beau Brummel of baseball, Jim Nash, over the beauty of Peggy Gale Fleming needs both his head and his eyes examined, and fast.

PETER G. BROCKEL

Convent Station, N.J.

Sirs:

We of the Colorado College Phi Delta Theta Red Barons would like to thank *SI* for its article about our hockey coach, Miss Peggy Fleming. This article and her fine coaching got us mentally ready for our game Sunday, March 12, and we won our first of the year 2-0. With our excellent coaching staff returning next year, we are looking forward to another hard-fought season.

THE RED BARONS

Colorado Springs

HAWK-ETED

Sirs:

Hooray! The Chicago Black Hawks are champs. Having been a Black Hawk fan for the past six years, I have never been more pleased with their performance. Pete Axthelm's article, *No Fofo in Chicago* (March 20), was great. All I hope the Hawks do now is walk away with the Stanley Cup.

HARRY FLANSEN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The Chicago Black Hawks have coasted to the championship. The monkey is off their back, and the stage is set for another classic choke when they go for Lord Stanley's cup.

When the Hawks invaded Toronto on March 18, Mr. Axthelm accused the Leafs of rough tactics and holding, but the only things the Leafs held were Chicago's well-balanced lines as they breezed to victory.

However, Bobby Hull potted No. 50, and the Toronto fans proved once again that they are the fairest and most appreciative spectators in North America by giving the Golden

Jet a thunderous ovation that even he won't forget.

The Hawks have conquered the Ides of March, but a warning to the Windy City: El Puncho is mud north, west, and when April draws near he knows a hawk from a hand-saw.

ANDY KELLY

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

Your article on the Chicago Black Hawks amazes me. After quoting Pierre Pilote, Stan Mikita and Bobby Hull as saying that the credit for winning the championship rests not on the stars but on a great team effort, you go ahead and write an article on Pilote, the Scooters and Hull. Granted these men deserve every word of publicity devoted to them, but what about the lesser stars?

I am referring specifically to Lou Angotti and Ken Hodge, the reserve forwards of the Hawks. Innumerable are the times when these men have come off the bench and sparked a previously stale Hawk team to victory. In the game that clinched the title for the Hawks, a 5-0 whupwash of the Leafs, these two men scored four of the goals.

What's more, they are as popular as they are valuable. Every time Angotti scores the stadium goes into delirium. My hat is off to Lou Angotti and Ken Hodge, superstars on a superteam.

SCOTT GIBBUN

Lyons, Ill.

TRIO OF HEROES

Sirs:

Your article on Dave Patrick (*First Blood of a Classic Duel*, March 20) was an extremely bad, one-sided article. First of all, I don't see how Gwilym S. Brown can call Patrick the true hero of the 1967 NCAA indoor track championships. It took as much courage for Jim Ryan to do what he did, I think they both should be called heroes, and they both should be commended for exemplifying our American athletes. I think that it would have been a much better race if Ryan and Patrick had run their half-miles when both were fresh. Then it could be decided who is better at that distance.

It also takes a good sport to do what Ryan did in his loss. It shows what our whole American system of athletics is really for: the development of good sportsmanship among athletes.

Nevertheless, I think the setup of the NCAA indoor championships could be better organized, and a day or two could be added to the meet. It isn't right for an athlete to have to run all his races in a single day. I know the competition is tough, but

I don't think that one man should almost have to kill himself by running too many races just to compete in them.

STEVE WILLOUGHBY

Hutchinson, Kans.

Sirs:

If you are trying to tell me that even if Jim Ryan, the pending world outdoor record holder in the 800 at 1:44.9, had been fresh to run against Dave Patrick at the NCAA indoor championships on March 10, he still wouldn't have won, then I'm afraid that I vehemently disagree with you.

STERLING SPIREN

Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

In your article on the NCAA championships and the Patrick-Ryan duel, you failed to mention another hero of the meet. Wisconsin's Ray Arrington smashed the 1,000-yard record by two full seconds. Although only a sophomore, Arrington has set an NCAA record that many experts feel will stand for a long time, unless Arrington himself breaks it. It seems to me that Arrington's feat is more important than Charlie Greene's "not getting his usual explosive start."

ROD DEN HOFER

JOHN M. GARTLAND

LaCrosse, Wis.

FLASHBACK

Sirs:

You should be commended on your foresight in the article, *In from the Three I League* (Jan. 30). Southern Illinois University proved to the nation that it can play basketball with the best, and you discovered it—second, after the Saluki fans, but before the rest of the country. Anyone who watched the NIT now knows which is the best team in the country in 1967.

GEORGE PEACH

St. Louis

AT IT AGAIN

Sirs:

While watching the National Invitation Tournament championship on television, March 18, I was sad to see the free flow of the game interrupted by "official" time-outs so that commercials could be inserted into the program. It is a rather bad commentary on the athletic organizations that they allow commercialization to control the pace of an amateur event. In this day and age when professional sports are completely under the domineering control of the advertising industry it is pathetic to see the same thing creeping into amateur athletics.

WALTER B. HOLLAND JR.

Washington

continued

Roll Out a Barrel and Some Daredevil Will Jump It

Soaring over beer kegs is not everyone's idea of fun, but many find it lively as a polka and heady as a pint of beer by **HERM WEISKOPF**

Jumping the barrel is boog pleasure," says a beeg Montrealer named Gilles LeClerc, as he lets his hand follow the trajectory of a skater soaring over scores of obstacles. LeClerc should know. Though he came late to the sport, he is one of Canada's finest jumpers. But not everyone shares his enthusiasm. Despite its obvious challenge to nerve and skill, barrel jumping has been pursued, for the most part, in wintry obscurity. Even surefire gimmicks dreamed up by flacks at barrel-jumping contests to promote the sport have somehow misfired. Once Yogi Berra was persuaded to hand out a trophy at a barrel-jumping championship, and the newsmen present were so entranced with Yogi that they forgot to interview the barrel jumpers. Another competition failed to get proper recognition in the newsreels, because all the cameras present were focused on a homely blonde who insisted on leaning far over the fence during most of the jumping.

In this day of the tennis bum, the golf millionaire, the bonus baby and the \$400,000 quarterback, barrel jumpers have only the "beeg pleasure" to sustain them. Yet a surprising number find it enough—and a surprising number of fans turn up to watch them. In recent years officials of the Montreal Forum, home ice of the famed Canadiens' hockey team, have permitted barrel jumpers to work out on the ice when the hockey games are over, but they firmly insist that no one must jump until the last hockey fan has left. One time the jumping started before the arena was cleared, and the police had to be summoned to control the 5,000 fascinated fans pushing their way forward to see better.

Barrel jumping is believed to have begun in Holland some 300 years ago, although there is no record of how many barrels Hans Brinker cleared. In those days skaters did not jump over barrels, but over mounds of snow. Later they vaulted over beer kegs. Modern-day jumpers use fiber-composition barrels 16 inches in diameter and leap over as many as 17 laid side by side.

More than anyone else, perhaps, an enthusiast named Irving Jaffee is responsible for formalizing the sport. Jaffee conjured up the idea of a title match in 1951, when he found that every track skater he knew was calling himself the world champion barrel jumper. To settle the issue, he invited jumpers from

all over the world to Grossinger's in the Catskills for a showdown. At first it seemed as if no one would show up: Jaffee went to his office in Manhattan and waited and waited. Then "at 3 or 4 in the morning on the day of the meet some Canadians finally arrived," he says. "I felt as though I had been born again. Then Terry Browne, a fireman from Detroit and an Olympic speed skater, showed up. At least we had enough jumpers for a meet. Browne won that first meet and the next three, as well."

Most barrel jumpers are speed skaters or hockey players. Professionally, they have been lawyers, opticians, bookkeepers and policemen. One was a prominent steel-car driver, another a hair stylist for Lilly Dashed. All are daredevils.

"I won two Olympic gold medals as a speed skater [both in 1932], and I've played some hockey," says Jaffee, "but I'd never have the guts to try barrel jumping. It requires a lot of courage. Why, some of those boys are going 50 miles an hour when they're over the barrels. Once we tried to lengthen the landing space so the jumpers wouldn't crash so hard. They refused to allow it. They wanted less landing room so they could have more space to skate and build up speed for their jumps. We make them wear plastic helmets, gloves and pads to protect their backs, but these guys are wild men."

Barney Ross, the late boxing champion, once said, "I'd rather take 15 rounds of punishment in the ring than do what those barrel jumpers do."

Now another season of barrel jumping is over, and it may still be that the fans who make the golfers and the baseballers rich couldn't care less. But the barrel jumpers care, and now that they're all back at their humdrum jobs they'll spend a summer talking about the season past and the most recent championship held, as always, at Grossinger's.

Fireman Terry Browne, now 45 but as

spry as ever, was there as usual. So was Richard Widmark, not the actor but an Illinois contractor who played quarterback for Northwestern a while back. Three Canadian deaf mutes were on hand, and from Northbrook, Ill. came Chuck Burke, a pipe fitter. Keith Meyer, a mechanical engineer, came from Oak Park, Ill. Roger Wood, a 17-year-old high schooler from Portland, Ore., was the youngest ever to compete for the title. And, of course, there was LeClerc, now the manager of a supermarket.

Back also to try to regain his old championship was Ken LeBel of Great Neck, N.Y. Ken's three-year reign as champion had ended a year before, when Jacques Favero became the first Canadian to win the event. "It's not that I want to beat the Canadian so much as it is that I want to prove that I'm still the best jumper," said LeBel, who is 28 years old and somewhat battered. A year before he had a bad crash landing and gashed his knee so severely that it required three layers of stitches to put him back together.

Jacques St. Pierre, another bruised and battered jumper, was lucky to be alive, let alone at Grossinger's. Four years before he had been practicing for a bicycle race when he was struck by a car doing 75 mph. He sustained two perforated lungs, a fractured skull and several broken ribs. He left the hospital after three months with a silver plate in his left leg.

"Nobody said it, but everybody thought that all sport was finished for me," St. Pierre recalled. But in the next few years to prove them wrong, he became, in turn, a champion swimmer, a gymnast, a skater and a barrel jumper. "After practicing at the pool for a swimming championship, I used to go out back and watch the jumpers," St. Pierre says. "I thought it was a funny sport. But one day they say to me, 'You have laughed enough. Now you try it.' Three days later I won the junior provincial

continued



Take
Al Geiberger's
pitching stance
for precision.

Wear Grand-Slam®
Socks by Munsingwear®
for comfort.

Put your feet in Al Geiberger's socks. Munsingwear makes Grand-Slams for comfort on the course and good looks anytime. Orlon® and nylon stretch—won't shrink out of fit. Generous calf length. Colors to go with every Grand-Slam shirt. Three styles. Par, \$1.00. Birdie, \$1.50; Cushion-sole Eagle, \$1.60. At hep sock counters.

Munsingwear, Inc., 718 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55405

REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF.



The P.G.A. champ opens his stance, wears slightly on left foot. He advances his hands and plays ball a bit ahead of the right heel.

A noble choice.

DeWay—the British way to conquer the weather. For the discerning man... or woman. In fine poplin, gabardine, whipcord, tweed. From \$32.50 to \$115 at better stores.

Repelle's, popular classic in fine patty shade poplin.

The Walker, swinging golf jacket styled with assurance.

DRIWAY
WEATHERGUARDS
MADE IN ENGLAND
Sole Agent U.S.A.
William Reed Co.
17 East 37th St.
New York 10016

Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED IN BACK BAY, BOSTON
3-year programs:
Liberal Arts • Mass. Admin. • Advertising • Sales • Marketing • Business • Technical
IBM DATA PROCESSING LAB
Biology • Interior Design • Secretarial
Dormitories • Social Recreational Activities
FOR A BROCHURE OR A VISIT, SEE US AT: BOSTON OR COMMONWEALTH AVENUE BOSTON MASS 02215

delightful
Frenchys
wonderful food
1901 E. North Ave. • Milwaukee • Wis

**Your help goes where
hunger is — Give to
CARE, New York 10016**

Barrel Jumping

championship by clearing 12 barrels."

The day of the championship was clear and crisp. There was more than enough color to please even the ABC-TV officials, who had flown in two specialists from Hollywood to get just the right tint of blue in the ice for their colorcast.

Jumpers huddled in pink, blue, yellow, green and brown blankets on saddle henches. Favero was outfitted in a striking red uniform, LeBel in black, others in purple, blue and enough assorted colors to make a rainbow look pale.

Once the competition began the jumpers clattered into barrels, landed with thuds and slammed into a Matterhorn of mattresses designed to soften their quick stops. Some skaters did belly whoppers at 30 and 40 mph, one crashing head-first into the row of barrels. They tumbled wildly, gasped for breath after the wind had been knocked out of them and then wiggle-wobbled back to the bench to await their next turn.

One by one the contestants were eliminated, until only LeBel, St. Pierre—who had gone to bed at 10 the night before and had lain awake worrying until 3 a.m.—and Widmark were left. Widmark, in his three tries at 16, went clunk, splat and whomp, and tottered away as if he had been creamed by a linebacker.

Now it was LeBel against St. Pierre. The yellow 17th barrel was set in line. If neither cleared that barrel, the victory would go to St. Pierre, who had leaped 28 feet 3½ inches. LeBel's longest jump was 27 feet, and he had torn a stomach muscle in the process. St. Pierre failed in three tries at 17 barrels, and now it came down to one last jump for LeBel.

Slowly LeBel skated around the blue-tinted ice. He stopped to stare at the long row of barrels, then skated away, churning up more and more speed with each stride as he circled the rink once, then twice. He flashed around the final curve, angled toward the barrels, then pumped his arms for the lift-off. He rose and flew—over all the barrels but one. LeBel thudded to the ice, a black streak skidding and skittering out of control, until he came to an inglorious rest against the barricade of mattresses.

St. Pierre turned down the winner's purse because he wanted to retain his amateur status. He accepted a trophy instead and a kiss from French Actress Françoise Hardy. After all, as Gilles LeClerc said, the beep plezzure is the jompeeng.

END



Hennessy & Soda

The end of the boring highball

For most Americans, the business end of a highball has always been whiskey in one form or another. The same drinks, year after year



Now Americans are discovering a combination that cracks the routine. Hennessy and soda. The most non-boring highball you've never had

Great Straight 100 in traveling hot spots Hennessy Cognac Brandy • 50 Proof • Schenck & Co. N.Y.



Quaker State your car...to keep it running young

The secret of youth for your car's engine is simple. Keep it on a diet of Quaker State Motor Oil. It keeps your car on the road and out of the repair shop. Made only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania—the world's most costly crude oil. It's your best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



New isometric method builds **POWERFUL MUSCLES** IN LESS THAN 3 MINUTES A DAY

Now, right in your own home, you can build stronger muscles...broader shoulders...increased lung capacity...a trim waistline, with the new TENSOLATOR®: the scientific new method of isometric-isometric contraction developed by physiologists of the famous Max Planck Institute in West Germany.

Used to train Olympic athletes, TENSOLATOR can multiply strength for everyone—20, 40, 50 years old or more. No strenuous exercises, no lengthy workouts. TENSOLATOR guarantees positive results in a series of quick 7-second exercises that take less than 3 minutes a day in the home. TENSOLATOR can also concentrate on fast strengthening of individual muscles (golfer's wrist, etc.).

Successful results guaranteed or your money back in 10 days. Send for FREE illustrated, step-by-step brochure showing TENSOLATOR in action. (brochure 25c to cover postage and handling.)

Thylex Corp., Dept. SO-6, 509 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Take on the course that takes on the top pros.

It's at La Costa: Southern California's new resort-country club. With the West's most challenging championship course. 72-par, 7,200 yards. No waiting. No nonsense. Golfer's Package at special rates. Between rounds, shape up at the La Costa Health Spa. With exercises, baths, massages. Take a swing at both. To reserve one of our 92 luxurious rooms, or receive our free brochure, write: Suite 616



LA COSTA
Resort • Club • Spa

Carlsbad, Calif. Phone (714) 729-7111



UNDERWATER ADVENTURE

Treasure, photography, exploration, and 25c for sample copy to Dept. SO 18

SKIN DIVER Magazine,
3626 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028



**Smoke
BOND
STREET**
the pipe tobacco
that stays lit



15TH HOLE continued

THE PEOPLE, YES

Sirs:

I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed reading Robert Boyle's article on greyhound racing (*Navy Chase Discreetly Done*, March 20). Having owned greyhounds for a number of years, I find it truly heartwarming to see the Capone stigma slipping away from a wonderful sport. I was a proponent in 1946 of a bill to legalize pari-mutuel betting on dog racing here in California, and the biggest single objection we faced in our campaign was the underworld connection with dog racing of the '30s. My congratulations to Glen Gervick, owner, and Ray Randle, campaigner of *Discreetly*. As the old saying goes, horse racing is the sport of kings, and dog racing is the sport of the people.

H. C. STEVENSON

Aptos, Calif.

SOFTENING THE JINGLE-JANGLE

Sirs:

I have had an idea which I have tried to interest some professional golfers in, with hopes they might wedge it up through the PGA officialdom. But bureaucratic inertia being what it is, I suspect that a better approach might be a sideways angle through you.

It concerns the lack of any consistent and logical rating system for the professional golfer. Even under our capitalist system, money-winning seems to me more suitable for racehorses as a measure of ability than for skilled and disciplined athletes. As the prize scale goes up and up, a certain gaudy vulgarity begins to intrude.

I have the feeling that a fair formula can be devised which, paradoxically, uses prize money as the base, yet will serve to de-emphasize the increasingly shrill jingle-jangle of the cash registers. As a novelist I would hate to be rated on the basis of my earnings each year, loudly announced. I imagine that there is an equivalent question among the gypsy brethren of the PGA.

Let us limit the rating system to PGA sponsored tournaments. Let us consider, in each year, the total available prize money in all such sponsored tournaments as 100%. I assume that the old records in the archives are accurate and available, and I suspect that the right year to start would be 1921, the fourth year of the PGA Tournament, the first year that Hagen won it.

Let us say that in order to be given a rating in any given year a professional—as with the computation of baseball batting averages—must enter a certain percentage of PGA sponsored tournaments.

Now, obviously, a pertinent factor, other than total prize money available, is the number of professionals accredited to the tour each year. Unless that factor is added, some of the giants of the past will have

continued

Wherever you look . . . you see Budd

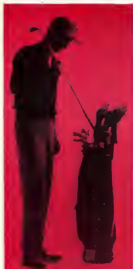


Rousing Rebel SST (with Budd-built parts)

Move out with the fast set in the lively Rebel SST. Choose from a list of personal touches that's music to your ears. Get the new beat of Rambler's Excitement Machine from American Motors. One more swinging number among 29 leading cars with quality components* made by Budd.

THE **Budd** COMPANY
AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION • ELKTON, MICH.

*Budd products include fenders, hoods, roofs, doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, disc and drum brakes, and disc brake parts.



got
enough
ball?

Get all that's in you and your clubs... At a Maxfli. You'll never know how good you are until you do. Sold only by professionals. Try one.



Maxfli
BY DUNLOP

19TH HOLE continued

yearly and lifetime ratings which could never be approached. Take an example to see how it works. I am inventing these figures: let us assume that in 1923, 25 accredited professionals competed for a total of \$60,000 spread over 10 PGA sponsored tournaments. Taking \$60,000 as 100%, a base would be 4% of the total available.

Let us assume that in 1968 we have 500 accredited professionals and \$5 million spread over 40 sponsored tournaments. Taking \$5 million as 100% we have a base of 2%.

Both the 4% and the 2% representing \$2,400 and \$10,000 respectively are what we could expect from an absolutely even division of all prize monies among all contestants. So, to put them in parity, we give both the 4% of 1923 and the 2% of 1968 a value of 100.

Thus, the man who won \$12,000 in the 1923 season would have a season rating of 500. The man who wins \$50,000 in 1968 will have a season rating of 500.

Naturally, the historical data will have to be run through a computer to see if additional adjustments are required, due to some giant of the past making a record no one can touch. It is possible that due to the current practice of a "prize" for making the cut, the annual computation of total prize monies should be restricted to the prizes as listed for the top 20 in each tournament.

The simple beauty of this would be that the point value of the top 20 in each tournament can be computed in advance. Let us imagine that Mr. Palmer is lining up a long putt for a bird and fourth-place money on the final green of the final tournament he will enter in year X.

Which do you like, over the boob tube: "If Arnie makes this putt, it will bring his winnings this year to \$115,800, just \$950 ahead of Jack Nicklaus, and it will bring his lifetime winnings to..."

Or: "As we have told you, fourth place in this tournament is worth 7.4 performance points, and if he sinks it, he'll wind up this tour with 1,121.3, two points ahead of Walter Hagen's record, which has stood since 1927."

There would be three records to shoot at: highest points per tour, lifetime average and lifetime point accumulation.

I suspect that this would be an excellent move for the whole profession right now. The public accumulation of riches does not make for heroes in the classic sense. They are made by a season 6.4 yards per carry by a Jimmy Brown, by rebounds in the tall man's game, by the lifetime ERA of a Gomez or a Wynn. A man likes to match himself against the greats of both now and then on the basis of some acceptable constant which discounts the growing richness of the game.

JOHN D. MACDONALD

Sarasota, Fla.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Siffman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, Bernhard M. Auer; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Controller, John F. Harvey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Rhett Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney L. James, Arthur W. Keylor, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pullen Jr., Herbert Schultz, James R. Shepley, Garry Walk; Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Mcninger; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McCough, Assistant Secretary, William E. Bishop.

Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

1 To write about your subscription, change of address, billing, advance, complaint, or renewal, address:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611
Charles A. Adams, Vice President
(attach present address label in space below, this will help us identify you quickly and accurately).

2 To order a new subscription, check box: ☐ new, ☐ renewal. Use form below for your address. Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at address given above. Rates: Continental U.S. — 1 yr \$10.00, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands — 1 yr \$10.00. Military personnel anywhere in the world: 1 yr \$10.00, all other: 1 yr \$14.00.

ATTACH LABEL HERE WITH ALL INQUIRIES:

When you are mailing, please give us five weeks notice. Print your name and new address and Zip Code number below and mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE at address given above. Please note your telephone number below.

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip Code
Telephone Number		

An Old Forester kind of day

The boats see-saw a little. In the rain.
The end-of-the-day rain you walked in. And
soon there'll be the fine taste of a great
bourbon. At the end of a good day.
An Old Forester kind of day.



At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN BOTTTLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE, IN KENTUCKY, U.S.A.

RAND
picks
the season's
3
best
colors:



SPANISH
BRANDY



BURNING
BUSH



BLACK
CHERRY

Spanish Brandy adds spirit to clothing in the grass, wheat, honey and whiskey tones.

New blues and medium grays were made for Burning Bush.

Black Cherry: dark enough to be transitional, yet bold enough to stand on its own.

Can't decide among them? OK, pick all three. That's what RAND did! RAND shoes, \$13 to \$26.

INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY,
ST. LOUIS

RAND

